Brave New World of Television

The William Sullivan Case • Can Vitamins Prevent Disease?

JULY 24, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

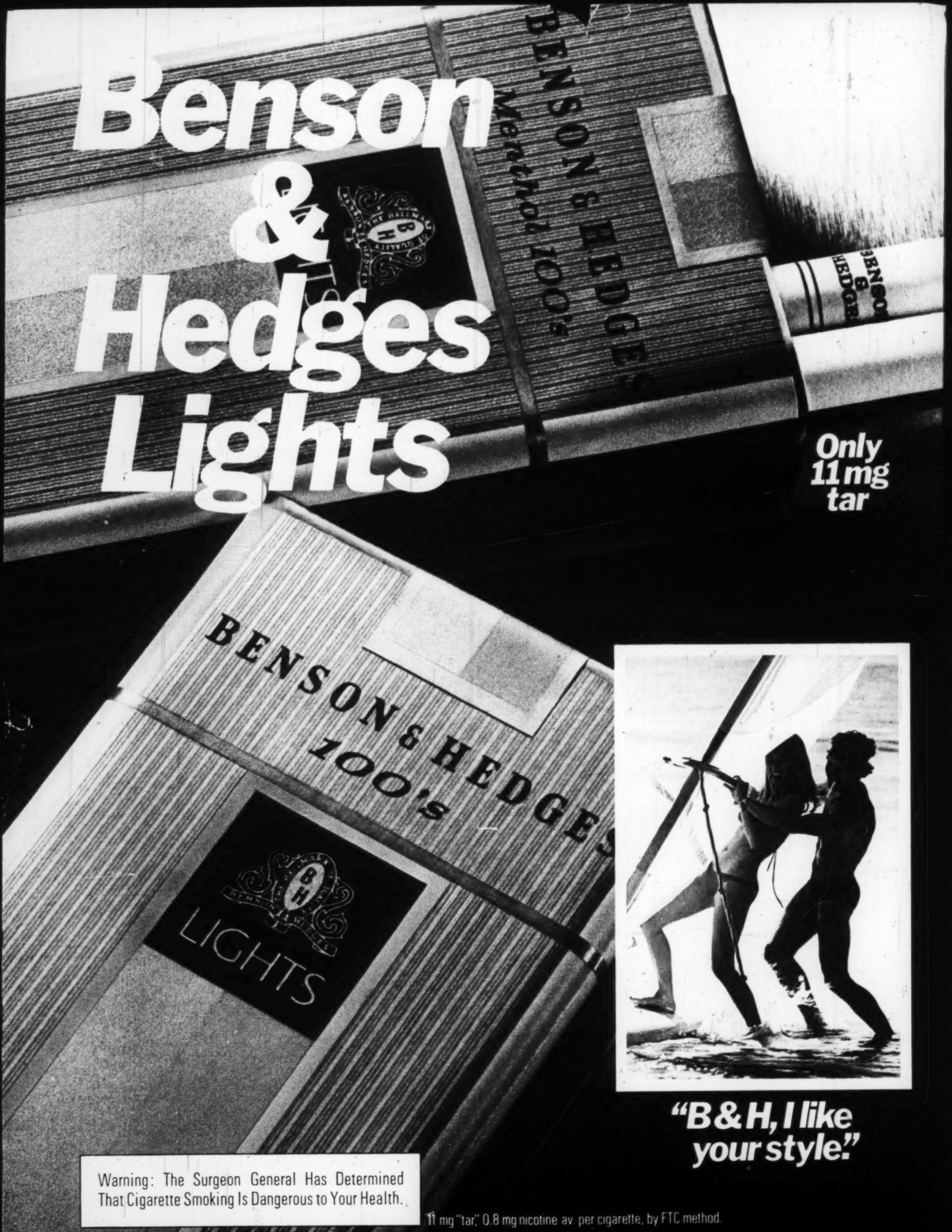
New Times®

Was this man accused of raping a woman at gunpoint 12 years ago?

by Craig Waters

Vincent "Buddy" Cianci Mayor of Providence, R.I.

480288 WEL 0300Z099 0412SAMPLE
MR RICHARD WHELAN COPY
XEROX CORP 15
300 N ZEEB RD SCF
ANN ARBOR MI 48106



Benson & Hedges Lights
Only 11 mg tar
BENSON & HEDGES Menthol 100's
BENSON & HEDGES 100's
LIGHTS
"B&H, I like your style."

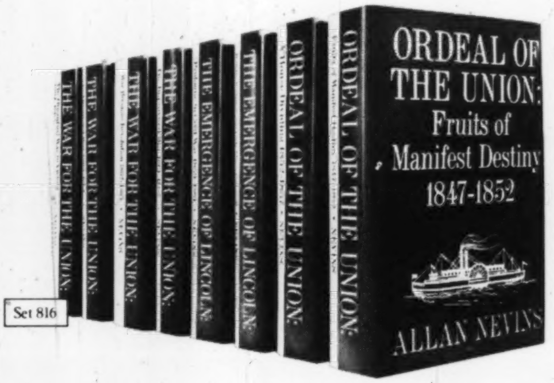
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Drink deeply from the wellspring of history...

Choose Any Set For A Dollar A Volume

A rare opportunity to enrich your library with one of these enduring works, at a fraction of its usual cost. Savings up to $112, with trial membership.

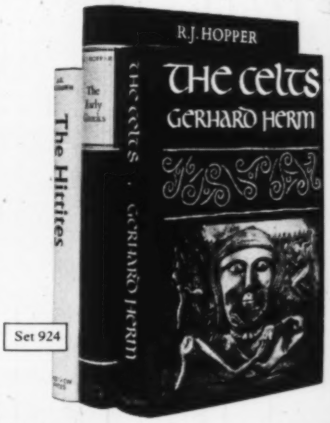


Allan Nevins'

THE ORDEAL OF THE UNION

8 Volumes, Publisher's Price $120.00/ *Yours For Only $8*

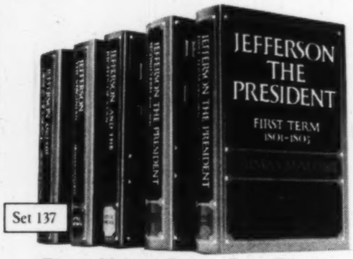
The masterwork of this great historian. Monumental account of our national history, 1847 to 1865. Told with a sweep and passion that is almost Tolstoian. *"We are not likely to see more history of this character and scope for some time to come."* —N.Y. Times, National Book Award.



GREAT ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $55.50/ *Yours For Only $3*

Exciting studies of history's most remarkable cultures. James Macqueen's *The Hittites*, R. J. Hopper's *The Early Greeks*, and Gerhard Herm's *The Celts*.



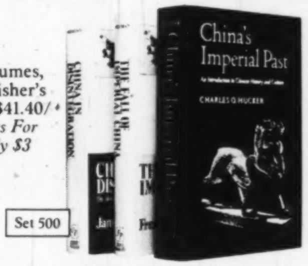
Dumas Malone's Pulitzer Prize-Winning

JEFFERSON AND HIS TIME

5 Vols. Pub. Price $72.50/ *Yours For Only $5*

From his Virginia youth through his troubled second term as president. Biography surpassing anything you've ever read on Jefferson and his world. 1975 Pulitzer Prize.

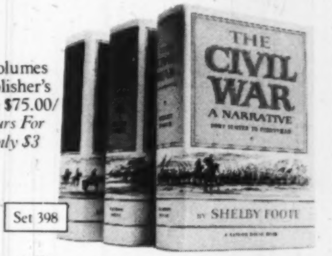
3 Volumes, Publisher's Price $41.40/ *Yours For Only $3*



CHINA: PREHISTORY TO 20TH CENTURY

Chinese civilization from Imperial magnificence to the People's Republic. C. O. Hucker's *China's Imperial Past*, F. Wakeman, Jr.'s *The Fall of Imperial China*, and J. E. Sheridan's *China in Disintegration: The Republican Era.*

3 Volumes Publisher's Price $75.00/ *Yours For Only $3*



Shelby Foote's

THE CIVIL WAR: A Narrative

By a historian who is also a gifted novelist—the opening shot at Fort Sumter through the surrender at Appomattox. "A remarkable achievement, prodigiously researched, vigorous, detailed, absorbing." —N.Y. Times

WH781

The story of history, and the men who made it, makes for reading that is both lively and valuable. And the best of written history is the province of The History Book Club.

Now in its 32nd year, the Club provides its members with the finest new books of history and world affairs—always at substantial savings.

For a mere dollar a volume, we'll send you any one of the magnificent sets pictured—with your first selection at the low member's price (any book listed at right).

A membership account will be opened for you, to which your purchases will be charged at the low member's prices. You need pay only after you have received your books. A postage-and-packing fee is added to each shipment.

Every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive our *Review* containing descriptions of new and recent selections. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than ten days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

PICK ONE OF THESE SELECTIONS AT THE LOW MEMBER'S PRICE:
(First price is publisher's list. **Boldface** shows member's price.)

161. **A History of American Law.** *By L.M. Friedman.* $17.50/**$10.95**
464. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* From Julius in 49. B.C. through Domitian in 96 A.D. $12.50/**$8.75**
517. **The Universe: Its Beginning and End.** *By Lloyd Motz.* $14.95/**$9.95**
569. **A Genius For War: The German Army and General Staff, 1807-1945.** *By Col T.N. Dupuy.* $14.95/**$9.90**
667. **The Devil: Perceptions of Evil From Antiquity to Primitive Christianity.** *By J. B. Russell* $15.00/**$9.95**
670. **A Savage War of Peace: Algeria 1954-1962.** *By Alistair Horne.* $17.50/**$11.50**
673. **Andrew Jackson: And the Course of American Empire 1767-1821.** *By Robert V. Remini* $15.00/**$9.95**
674. **Hitler's Spies: German Military Intelligence in World War II.** *By David Kahn.* $16.95/**$10.95**
691. **The World Encompassed: Drake's Great Voyage, 1577-1580.** *By Derek Wilson.* $12.95/**$8.95**
578. **The Life and Times of Chaucer.** *By John Gardner.* $12.50/**$8.75**

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill my set at $1 a volume and my other selection at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

Set # ☐ Selection # ☐

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within a year *(not counting my choices above)*, and then I may resign at any time. All Club purchases are at low member's prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. NM-24W

Print Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________Zip__________

In Canada, mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Ontario.

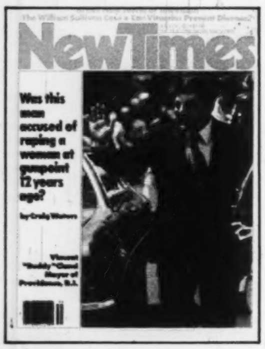
NewTimes

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

JULY 24, 1978

On the Cover:


NewTimes
Was this man accused of raping a woman at gunpoint 12 years ago?
by Craig Waters
Vincent "Buddy" Cianci Mayor of Providence, R.I.

22 Buddy, We Hardly Knew Ya

Twelve years ago, Vincent A. Cianci, Jr., a Marquette University law student, was accused of raping a woman at gunpoint. The woman reportedly received a $3,000 settlement, charges were dropped, and the incident faded away. In 1974, running on an anticorruption platform, Cianci was elected mayor of Providence, Rhode Island—the first Republican to hold the post in 35 years. Supporters have urged him to run for higher office, but Cianci's private past seems likely to influence his public future.

by CRAIG WATERS

The Last Frontier

30 Invasion of the Mind Snatchers

On December 15, 1977, television finally came to the small desert town of Essex, California. What effect has it had on America's answer to the Tasaday tribe? Says one resident: "The only difference it's made is that you'll go over to see a neighbor and he'll be watching TV, where before he wasn't."

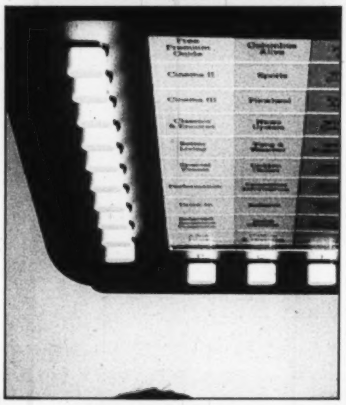
by CHARLIE HAAS

The New Frontier

40 Brave New World of Television

Two weeks before Essex caught up with the present, the citizens of Columbus, Ohio, charged into the future with Qube. The nation's first two-way cable system allows subscribers to talk back to their TV sets, which, in turn, keep an Orwellian eye on them.

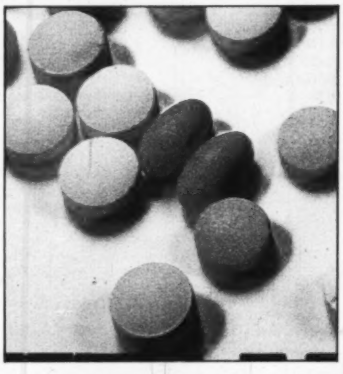
by JONATHAN BLACK



54 Vitamins

According to scientists at the Linus Pauling Institute, the technology now exists to predict an individual's likelihood of contracting various diseases. And the preventive treatment—for ailments ranging from heart disease to schizophrenia to cancer—is vitamins.

by CONNIE BRUCK



Special Report
Ex-FBI agent William Sullivan's untimely hunting accident.
by JEFF GOLDBERG and HARVEY YAZIJIAN
Page 4

Energy
Oil reserves off the Atlantic coastline? Maybe—and maybe not.
by JOHN TIERNEY
Page 10

Party Lines
The latest casualty of Proposition 13: National health insurance.
by ROBERT SHRUM
Page 15

Addendum & Erratum
Cleveland's Kucinich prepares to do battle.
Page 16

The Insider
HUAC rises from the dead.
Page 17

REVIEWS

Books
John Gardner's obsession with William Gass.
by GEOFFREY WOLFF
Page 66

Music
Stones '78: Catch them if you can.
by PAUL SLANSKY
Page 72

Movies
Summer fluff from Warren Beatty and Sam Peckinpah.
by RICHARD CORLISS
Page 74

Final Tribute
God admits blacks into the Mormon Church.
by T.S. CARPENTER
Page 76

We will consider unsolicited manuscripts, art/photos only when accompanied by return postage; the magazine will not be held responsible for loss or damage. Copyright © 1978 by New Times Publishing Company. All rights reserved. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. New Times is published biweekly (except for the last issue of the year which is combined with the first issue of the next year) by New Times Publishing Company, One Park Ave., New York, New York, 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $15.00 per year, $2.00 additional per year for Canada. $5.00 additional per year for all other foreign countries. Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE, ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2474, Boulder, Colorado, 80322. ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York, 10016.

TANDBERG
TEAC
maxell UD C90

Tandberg TCD 330

Teac 860

Pioneer CTF 8282

You paid a lot for good specs. Now spend a little more and hear them.

A
maxell UD . C90
maxell
Ultra-Dynamic
maxell UD C90

Just because you put a great deal of money into your tape deck, it doesn't necessarily mean you'll get a great deal of sound out of it.

Unless of course, you're using the tape that's engineered to get the most out of high-performance equipment. Maxell.

Maxell is specifically designed to give you extended frequency response, the highest possible signal-to-noise ratio and the lowest distortion of any tape in its price range.

Which is why people who own the finest tape decks use Maxell more than any other brand.

Of course, there are other reasons. Like the fact that every Maxell tape has a unique non-abrasive head cleaner. And a full warranty that covers the one thing other manufacturers don't cover. Everything.

Try Maxell. It's sure to make the sound that comes out of your tape deck worth every penny you put into it.

maxell

Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

SPECIAL REPORT

by Jeff Goldberg and Harvey Yazijian

THE DEATH OF "CRAZY BILLY" SULLIVAN

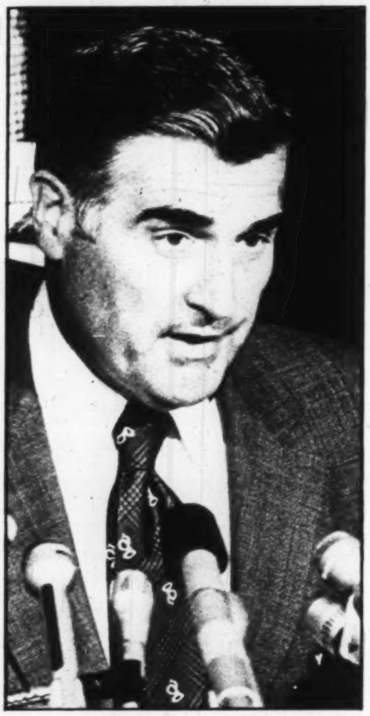
On November 10, 1977, the *New York Times* printed a story headlined "William C. Sullivan, Ex-FBI Aide, Is Killed In A Hunting Accident." It ran on the obituary page—a routine death announcement.

Sullivan was the FBI's former assistant to the director, the number-three man in J. Edgar Hoover's bureau. The day before, he had been hunting in Sugar Hill, New Hampshire, about a mile from his home. Just after daybreak he was shot in the back and killed by Robert Daniels, Jr., a 21-year-old local man, who later said he had mistaken Sullivan for a white-tail deer.

The case was handled as a simple accident—even though it was the first hunting fatality in Sugar Hill in over 20 years. On November 19, Daniels pleaded *nolo contendere* to Fish and Game violation number 207:37, the misdemeanor charge of carelessly shooting a human being. He was later fined $500 and his hunting license was suspended for 10 years. Through a spokesman, the Sullivan family said it accepted the shooting as an accident and forgave the hunter. Case closed.

But there remain nagging questions—the circumstances were too puzzling, the investigation too casual, and the victim too important for them to go away.

Through the 1960s, Sullivan had been chief of Division Five, the Bureau's super-secret intelligence branch. Division Five handled much of the FBI's investigation of the John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King assassinations. It also ran the infamous Cointelpro (Counter Intelligence Program), an attempt to "neutralize" leftist organizations through such tactics as infiltration, monitoring of mail, burglaries and illegal bugging. So "Crazy Billy" Sullivan, as he was called for his maverick style, had been privy to the FBI's most sensitive secrets. He was forced out by Hoover in 1971 (the director feared Sullivan was angling for his job), but because of what Sullivan knew, even in retirement he remained a powerful and controversial man.



William Sullivan: The man who knew the FBI's secrets

At the time of his death he was scheduled to testify before the House Select Committee investigating the Kennedy and King assassinations. He was to be questioned in more than a dozen civil suits concerning FBI abuses that allegedly took place under his command. He was to be the star defense witness in what was billed as the most important criminal proceeding ever brought against the FBI—the case against New York City Special Agent John Kearney. And he would have testified for the government in its unprecedented prosecution of former Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray and two other Bureau officials. Careers, reputations and the integrity of the FBI would hang in the balance if Sullivan chose to tell the courts and congressional committee what he knew.

His death at such a moment, and by such violent means, could not fail to startle knowledgeable observers into wondering if there might have been foul play. It made one remember the other key witnesses who had died violently in recent years just as they were about to be quizzed in Congress about the Kennedy assassination: mobsters Sam Giancana, John Roselli and Charles Nicoletti; ex-Cuban President Carlos Prio Socarras; and Lee Harvey Oswald's confidante, George DeMohrenschildt.

But only leftist attorney William Kunstler has been willing to publicly question whether Sullivan's death was an accident. In a letter to Attorney General Griffin Bell, Kunstler has called for a new inquiry: "... I am not suggesting that murder took place in New Hampshire on November 9, 1977, but simply that there is sufficient smoke to indicate that it might have." Privately he adds, "I have no smoking gun, just a lot of questions. In my heart I think Sullivan was murdered. But I'm not sure if Daniels did it."

The arguments that the death was accidental are powerful: poor visibility; white clothing mistaken for the white tail of a deer; local youth known to the police chief immediately turns himself in, appearing distraught and genuinely sorry.

But that, in part, is the problem. Because the shooting *looked* like an accident, it was investigated like one. The probe was entrusted to the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, an agency qualified to investigate only hunting accidents. Its one-page report is a bare and uncritical narration of the shooting. "You've got to realize that Fish and Game are trained in conservation," says John Rolli, the Grafton County prosecutor who tried the case. "Animals and stuff like that. They're not trained in investigating criminal cases. They spend their time studying deer herd propagation" Despite the victim's stature, neither the Justice Department nor prosecutor Rolli investigated.

A spokesman for the New Hampshire State Police originally told *New Times* his department would not become involved because Daniels' father was a state trooper (he has since retired from the force). However, it was recently learned that the State Police did investigate. But while insisting the shooting was accidental, the department refuses to release its official report.

New Times' investigation of the case has uncovered no smoking gun of conspiracy. But there are enough contradictions and flawed evidence in the official version of the shooting to warrant further examination.

Photograph: UPI

NewTimes

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

Executive Editor
Jane Amsterdam
Senior Writer
Robert Sam Anson
Senior Editors
Calvin Fentress Peter W. Kaplan
Associate Managing Editor
Susan Lyne
Associate Editors
Scott Kaufer Paul Slansky Tracy Young
Janet Gold Peter M. Lincoln
Assistant Editors
Barbara Milstein Ellen Joan Pollock
Washington Editor
Robert Shrum
West Coast Editor
Peter S. Greenberg
Assistant to the Editor
Scott Searfoss

Art Director
Richard Becker
Associate Art Director
Jane Prettyman
Picture Editor
Laetitia Kennedy
Art Associate
Leslie Morris

Associate Publisher
Nicholas H. Niles

Comptroller
Alan P. Sussman
Accounting Manager
Susan E. Poggioli
Administrative Assistants
Gloria Fernandez
Laurette Giardino
Diane Reynolds
Cecily Weinberger
Production Manager
Garry Ramo
Assistant Production Manager
Dale R. Sokoloff
Production Assistant
Nancy B. Zucker

General Manager
Don Smith
Circulation Manager
Richard LaMonica
Newsstand Manager
Margaret Hamilton
Subscription Sales Manager
Kathi Marks
Subscription Fulfillment Manager
Carol A. Powers
Circulation Planning Manager
David Raab
Circulation Assistants
Laura Kaplan
Roberta Levy

Advertising Director
William S. David

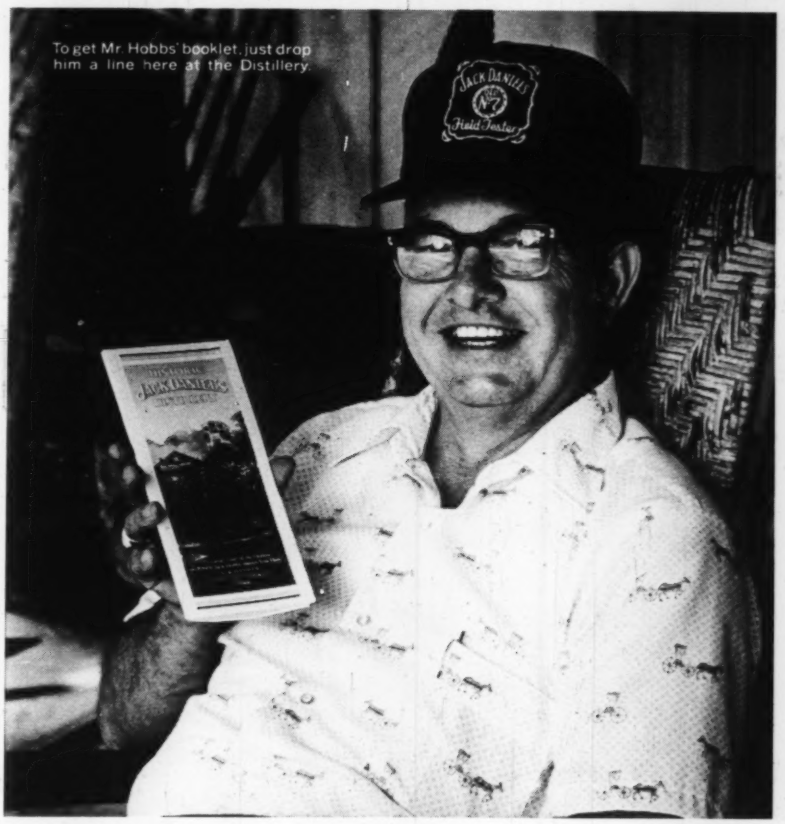
Advertising Representatives
John Abbott Eric Leins
Liz Browne Mendel Bobbi Van
Advertising Assistants
Ann M. Krauser Rochelle List
Monica Raybon Dolores Slayton
Chicago
The Pattis Group
Los Angeles
Tony Hoyt & Associates
Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Contributing Writers

David Black, Jonathan Black, Patrick Carr, Richard Corliss, Stephen Diamond, Michael Drosnin, Marshall Frady, Mark Goodman, Andrew Kopkind, Jesse Kornbluth, Richard M. Levine, Sam Merrill, Jim Miller, Michael Parfit, Roger Rapoport, Ruth Rosenbaum, Marcia Seligson, Stephen Singular, Robert Ward, Craig Waters, Geoffrey Wolff, Michael Wolff, Lawrence Wright, Daniel Zwerdling

Correspondents

Washington, D.C.: Arthur Hadley; Nina Totenberg; **California:** Phil Jordan (Sacramento); John Mankiewicz (Los Angeles); Bill Ritter (San Diego); Joel Kotkin (Hollywood); Paul Grabowicz (Berkeley); **Colorado:** Ivan Goldman (Aspen); Rosemary Cowles (Boulder); **Illinois:** Paul Engleman, Mick Zielenziger (Chicago); **Indiana:** Rick Lyman (Gary); Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Iowa:** Jon Bowermaster (Des Moines); **Kentucky:** Laer Pearce (Louisville); **Massachusetts:** Joseph Dalton (Cambridge); **Michigan:** Laura Berman (Detroit); **New York:** Larry Frederick, Debra Weiner (New York City); **North Carolina:** Frye Gaillard (Charlotte); Mark Pinsky (Durham); David Zucchino (Raleigh); **Ohio:** John Brady (Cincinnati); Bob Tkacz (Cleveland); **Pennsylvania:** Joe Sharkey (Philadelphia); **Texas:** Harry Hurt III (Houston); **Utah:** David Proctor (Salt Lake City); **Virginia:** Joel Brinkley (Richmond); Ronnie Chappell (South Boston); **Wisconsin:** Elliot Pinsley (Madison).



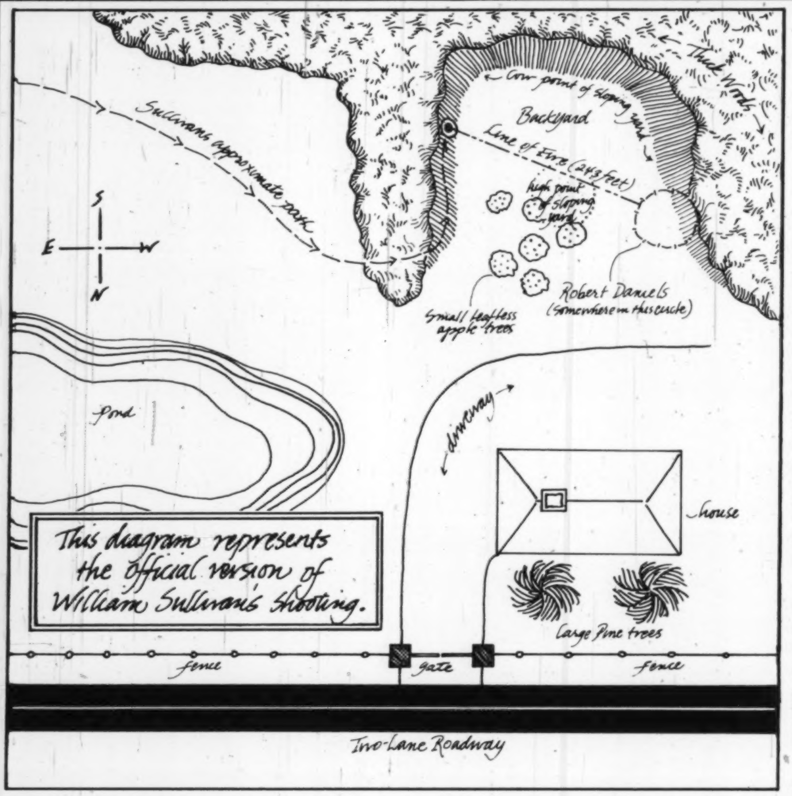
To get Mr. Hobbs' booklet, just drop him a line here at the Distillery.

IF YOU CAN'T visit Mr. Jack Daniel's Distillery this year, send for Mr. Jack Hobbs' free booklet.

You'll read about everyone from the men in the rickyard to the ladies on the bottling line. And you'll find out about the special charcoal mellowing process that accounts for our whiskey's smoothness. Of course, you'll learn more about Jack Daniel's by paying us a visit here in Lynchburg. Mr. Hobbs himself will show you around the premises. And, we promise, he's even better at talking than he is at writing.

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.


Thick Woods
Low point of sloping yard
Backyard
Line of Fire (243 feet)
high point of sloping yard
Sullivans approximate path
S
E
W
N
Robert Daniels (somewhere in this circle)
Small leafless apple trees
Pond
driveway
house
This diagram represents the official version of William Sullivan's shooting.
Large Pine trees
fence
gate
fence
Two-Lane Roadway

Robert Daniels is an average young man whose life was uncomplicated before the shooting. He is thin, of medium height, with blond hair and a barely visible blond moustache. He has lived all of his 21 years in Lisbon, New Hampshire, a working-class town just down a hilly road from the affluent vacation village of Sugar Hill. Daniels works as a ski patrolman at nearby Cannon Mountain. Prior to the shooting, he had never been arrested.

Daniels hesitatingly agreed to be interviewed only if the conversation was taped and a copy sent to his lawyer. He says he was hunting alone that morning, armed with his 30-06 Remington automatic rifle equipped with a four-power scope. Daniel says a friend, Randy Heath, whom he had planned to hunt with, had overslept and did not come with him. Thus the only account of the shooting is Daniels': "At approximately 6:10 a.m., I stood up... and saw a motion on the other side of the field. I picked up my rifle and through the scope I saw brown. I dropped my rifle down and saw a flicker of white. I'm not sure what it really was, but I thought it was a flag [the tail of a deer]. When I saw the white, it appeared to move a little further and I thought it had smelled me and was running. I picked up my rifle and through the scope I saw brown again and I squeezed the trigger."

Two hundred and forty-three feet away, according to authorities, a bullet slammed into Sullivan's right shoulder blade, exited through the left side of his neck, and vanished into the woods.

After Daniels' emergency medical procedures failed to revive Sullivan, he raced to the home of his good friend Gary Young, the chief and sole member of the Sugar Hill police. They called the authorities and returned to the scene of the shooting. Shortly, Daniels' father (who was then a corporal in the State Police) arrived, followed by an ambulance and officials from the Fish and Game Department, the State Police and the FBI.

Daniels hunted nearly every day in season. As with most experienced hunters, he was normally very careful about what he shot at. "During the year before the accident, I saw about 15 or 20 deer," he says. "I didn't shoot at any of them because I didn't think it was the right shooting time. I consider myself a sportsman, not a person who goes out to kill as many deer as he can." Why did he drop his guard that morning? "I'm really suspicious of the hunting accident," one Lisbon resident says, "not just because Sullivan was involved, but because this guy [Daniels] knows how to hunt, and I don't care what they say, he *knows* how to hunt. Local hunters don't make mistakes like that."

The official version of the accident rests on two conclusions:

- Daniels' view of Sullivan was obscured and fleeting.
- Sullivan's clothing, in a sense, made him look like a deer.

These are the basics of the case. But on closer examination, neither can be judged now as certain.

Daniels was positioned in the backyard of an expensive summer home that was vacant at the time. It sits among a handful of other houses tucked away with Currier and Ives grace in the White Mountains. The backyard is a roughly rectangular field, approximately 100 yards wide and 90 yards deep and bordered on three sides by woods. It is clear except for a cluster of a half-dozen small, leafless apple trees that would not have impaired Daniels' view of Sullivan. About half of the field is visible from the roadway in front of the house.

How did both men, surrounded by miles of woods, happen to collide in someone's backyard? Daniels says he had previously scouted the field and that deer gravitate to it to munch on the apples lying on the ground. Sullivan's familiarity with the yard and his intentions remain unknown.

The shooting took place about 15 to 20 minutes before dawn. Daniels says visibility was impaired by "gloomy" weather, but that there was light.

From Daniels' location 80 yards away, Sullivan was partially obscured by a three-foot rise in the middle of the field. They were at opposite sides of the backyard. Authorities claim Sullivan would have been visible only from the shoulders up. But from *New Times'* reconstruction of the scene, it appears that Daniels would have seen Sullivan from almost the waist up.

Daniels says he was stationary in a corner of the yard behind the house. Sullivan, he says, walked *toward* him—across the empty lot abutting the other side of the property (see diagram) and through a slender section of the woods. Daniels says he heard a sound as Sullivan passed through. Then Sullivan turned and proceeded along the field's tree line, away from the house and Daniels. How long Sullivan was visible is unclear, but he had been facing Daniels as he approached the field, was in view on the field as he partially traversed Daniels' line of vision, and was actually walking away from Daniels when he was shot. Sullivan was visible long enough for Daniels to sight him several times, both through the scope and with his eye. When asked about the duration of Sullivan's visibility, Daniels replies, "It seemed like a long time, but it was probably just several seconds."

Map by Leslie Morris

VO

Some people set their sights higher than others.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

A hunter must "lead" his shot by firing slightly ahead of the animal if it is moving and some distance away—usually aiming to hit the chest or shoulder area. As one gun shop owner says, "An experienced hunter never shoots at just a part of an animal; he shoots at the whole animal." But after identifying only what he thought was the *tail* of a deer, Daniels fired directly at it, attempting to hit what was certainly an unlikely spot to make the kill. Had he led his target, the bullet would have passed in front of Sullivan.

Another detail nagging for explanation is how Daniels was able to spot movement with the naked eye and fail to better identify it through his rifle-mounted scope (which would make his quarry appear about four times larger). William Kunstler can't believe this: "A four-power sight, at that distance, would enable him to see a pimple on a man's neck." Yet Daniels says that with the scope and without, he saw only "a brown and white flicker."

The "brown and white" is the real cause of the accident, prosecutor John Rolli said at first, because Daniels mistook white clothing for a deer's tail. Even as he approached Sullivan's fallen body Daniels thought he saw white, according to his signed statement to Fish and Game. He wrote, "I was about 50 yds. when I saw white and thought it was a deer." So we must assume Sullivan was wearing white that morning. Was he?

Rolli stated in court last November that Sullivan was wearing a brown hat and a green and black jacket, over a white turtleneck shirt. (He failed to mention that Sullivan was also wearing a wool shirt buttoned to the neck.) Six months after the shooting, Joseph Casey, Sullivan's Washington lawyer, corrected this version: Sullivan, he said, was wearing a white T-shirt, not a turtleneck. Casey said the T-shirt was bunched up on Sullivan's neck and visible under the flannel shirt and mackinaw. On the other hand, the official autopsy report says Sullivan was clad in a "red and *white*-checked mackinaw" (emphasis added) with no mention of a turtleneck or T-shirt. On the one-page form report of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department, the prominence of color in the victim's clothing is checked off as "unknown." Asked about these contradictions, Richard Dufour, Fish and Game's investigating officer, responded that Sullivan was wearing no white at all. "Nothing that I saw would have shown white," Dufour said. Recently, Rolli admitted he had been in error in court and had misidentified Sullivan's white T-shirt as a turtleneck. When it was pointed out that, in either case, a T-shirt or a turtleneck bundled up under winter clothing would hardly be visible from the rear, he agreed and hypothesized that the white Daniels saw was Sullivan's Irishman-pale face!

Then there is the pair of gloves officials found near Sullivan's body. Daniels said they weren't his, nor did he remove them from Sullivan's hands. Whose were they? Detective David Lennon of the State Police, who received the gloves and the other exhibits, would not comment.

Because the shooting *looked* like an accident, it was investigated like one

There are other troubling questions. For example, was anyone else out hunting near the backyard that morning? Did anyone know of Sullivan's intentions or direction?

After the shooting, the *New York Times* reported that Sullivan had been on his way to meet two "hunting companions" when he was killed. The probable source of this report was Charles Brennan, Sullivan's close friend and former assistant in the Bureau. He says Marion Sullivan, the victim's wife, told him Sullivan had been en route at 6:15 to an unknown location to go hunting with Gary Young, the police chief, and Tim Casey, a retired FBI agent who lives in the area (no relation to Sullivan's lawyer). Yet both Daniels and Young say the chief was asleep at 6:30, a mile or so from the field, when Daniels stormed into his bedroom to report the shooting. Young acknowledges he was to go hunting with Sullivan that morning, but he insists they were to meet at his house at 9:00 a.m. Young says he has no idea where Sullivan's wife got the impression the three were to meet at 6:30.

New Times has learned from Thomas Hannigan, senior resident agent of the FBI's Concord office, that Tim Casey spent the night at Young's house, a fact Young has confirmed.

Asked where Casey was at 6:30 a.m., Young told *New Times* that the retired agent was already hunting then and did not return until several hours later. Prosecutor Rolli, who was unaware until recently of Mrs. Sullivan's claim that her husband planned to meet Casey and Young, says he has learned that Casey had been hunting on the other side of the hill from Daniels and Sullivan.

Did Casey know of Sullivan's plans that morning? Was he close enough to hear the shot? Tim Casey declines to comment, saying only, "I refuse to get involved." Mrs. Sullivan also declines to comment. Sullivan's lawyer, Joseph Casey, says, "Sullivan wasn't going to meet anybody. He was out on his own."

Inconsistent accounts do not necessarily indicate foul play. But these inconsistencies make some observers wonder if the investigation was thorough enough. The extent of the investigation, of course, cannot be known without the State Police report, which remains confidential.

Chief Young, who had jurisdiction over the matter, properly removed himself from the inquiry because of his close associations with the principals. However, it was Young who decided to assign the inquiry to Fish and Game, thereby concluding beforehand, in effect, that the shooting was accidental.

The investigation was limited to the perimeter of the field. Even then, how precise was the official reconstruction of events? For example, Sullivan's body had already been moved before authorities saw it—Daniels says he dragged it 15 feet in a vain effort to get it to his truck. Did authorities try to determine Sullivan's exact location at the time of death? Or did they just take Daniels' word? And was Daniels' position independently confirmed? Was an effort made to locate any footprints, tire tracks or other evidence of Daniels' and Sullivan's movements, or those of others? Were neighbors interviewed? On all of these questions, authorities give unsatisfying or imprecise answers. And although the autopsy report makes no mention of it, did authorities seek to medically confirm the time of death? None of the doctors would comment.

A State Police spokesman says the department's report is confidential because it is policy not to release such reports—and because, in this case, civil proceedings may follow. However, the shooting has been adjudicated an accident, and six months later the Sullivan family has not brought civil charges against Daniels. In fact, Chief Young, speaking on behalf of Mrs. Sullivan, told the court, "The family holds no animosity toward Bobby Daniels. They would like any leniency on sentencing that the court could offer."

If the State Police report resolves, or at least grapples with, some of the unanswered questions, then its release could put the Sullivan case to rest. Otherwise, the doubts will continue until there is a thorough public investigation.

As William Kunstler says, "There was never more of a motive to kill a man." ●

Special Savings Certificate

NewTimes

☐ *I understand that this certificate entitles me to receive* nineteen issues of **NEW TIMES** for only $9.50—*50¢ a copy – half the newsstand rate, and to renew at half the prevailing newsstand price forever.*

☐ *I prefer 26 issues (one full year) for $13.00*

☐ Payment enclosed
(Mail in envelope)

☐ Bill me later

For immediate service call
TOLL FREE 800-247-2160

Name ______________________________
(please print)

Address ______________________ Apt. ________

City ______________________________

State ______________ Zip ____________

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year. 4S283

HALF PRICE FOREVER
Half the prevailing newsstand price forever.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes

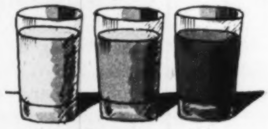
P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise.
Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

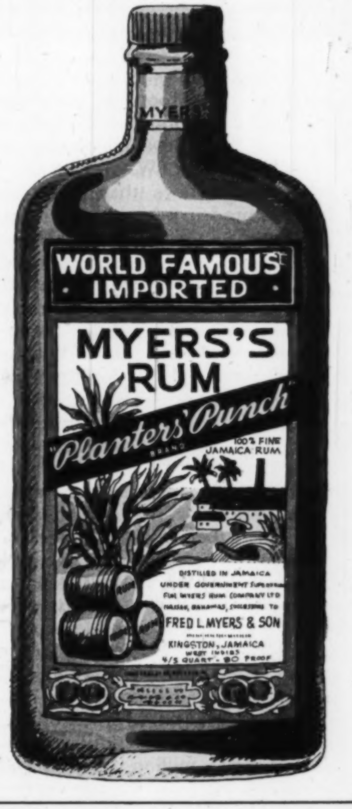
Still another little known fact.
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola:
Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.
Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course.

Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.
So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.
Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.

Energy/by John Tierney

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA

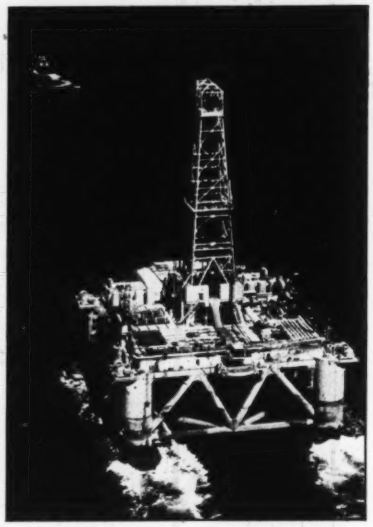
A few decades ago in Texas there was a preacher who occasionally paid pastoral visits to prospective oil fields. There, in return for a slight fee, he would close his eyes, raise his hands to the heavens, majestically prance about and then abruptly halt. His body quivering, he would solemnly announce where the oil was. He didn't need man-made devices like doodlebugs or wiggle sticks to know what lay several hundred feet underground. The secret, he explained, was God-given X-ray vision.

Keep him in mind when you hear of the oil that is supposedly awaiting us beneath the Atlantic Ocean. After 20 years of preparation, the first offshore drilling rigs were finally set up along the Eastern Seaboard this spring. Already there are great expectations that they will yield oil for furnaces and cars, natural gas for factories, jobs for the economically depressed Northeast. All this, of course, while our beaches lie unmolested and fish happily multiply alongside the drilling platforms.

It's a pleasant fantasy, but about as reliable as the preacher's alleged clairvoyance. When the subject of oil off the East Coast comes up, trust no one. This is not to suggest, of course, that anyone is deliberately lying—or that the lure of profits might somehow induce the oil companies to be less than forthright. (How could the sponsors of *Masterpiece Theatre* stoop to anything so pecuniary?) The point is simply that no one knows what lies beneath the Atlantic.

Geologists and engineers have studied the contours of the sea bottom, drilled for rock samples, tested the samples in every conceivable way, bounced seismic waves off the ocean floor and run all the data through computers. The result of 20 years' worth of research? In industry jargon, a SWAG—a Scientific Wild Ass Guess.

"We can do all the geophysical surveys and analytical work we want," says Tommy Hicks, a veteran Louisiana oilman, "but in this business there's only one way to find out anything. Drill a hole." Hicks is now doing just that for Exxon, supervising a 60-man crew on a drillship 95 miles east of Atlantic City. The 14,000-foot well should be completed this month, and when it is, Hicks and his fellow oilmen can see how swaggish their SWAGs really are.



Jersey-bound Rig: What's in its wake?

Geologists believe that petroleum may be stored in several areas along the Atlantic's Outer Continental Shelf, most of them at least 50 miles from shore. The prime spots are the Baltimore Canyon, an undersea trough off New Jersey; the Georges Bank, a rich fishing area east of Cape Cod; and several formations off the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. These sandstone and shale beds have piqued the curiosity of oil companies since the early 1960s, but it wasn't until the Arab oil embargo of 1973 that they received serious attention.

Prompted then by oil shortages and by President Nixon's ill-conceived plan for energy independence, the Department of the Interior started scheduling auctions at which oil companies could bid for the rights to explore the Atlantic seabed. At the first auction in August 1976, 37 companies paid $1.1 billion for leases on 93 tracts off New Jersey. A second auction this year brought $100 million for leases off Georgia.

More auctions will probably follow in the coming years, especially if petroleum is found on the tracts now being explored. The U.S. Geological Survey estimates that the Atlantic's Outer Continental Shelf could contain as much as 350 billion gallons of oil and 30 trillion cubic feet of natural gas—enough to supply the entire country for 15 months. Half of these reserves are estimated to lie in the Baltimore Canyon, off New Jersey, with most of the rest believed to be near Cape Cod. None of the estimates, however, can be taken too seriously.

"It's somewhat akin to Columbus returning to Queen Isabella and giving her a hard number on how many people there are in the New World," says Crandall Jones, Exxon's manager of offshore development. He figures that even in the Baltimore Canyon, the most promising area, the odds are 4 to 1 against finding commercially significant quantities of petroleum. The Department of the Interior disagrees, putting the odds at 3 to 2 in favor of the companies. But bettors beware: There was a time when no one thought there was oil in Saudi Arabia, while just four years ago the major oil companies paid the U.S. $1.4 billion for the privilege of drilling dry holes off the Florida Panhandle.

The industry could lose another billion dollars if the exploratory wells in the Atlantic don't strike petroleum pay dirt during the next several years. Before you feel sorry for the oil companies, though, you should consider the economics of a well. The initial investment is enormous: A consortium led by Mobil paid $107 million to lease a single tract covering nine square miles in the Baltimore Canyon. But if oil is found, it could be produced for perhaps $5 a barrel and sold for $15. Multiply that difference by a few billion and you begin to see the appeal of offshore drilling. It's one of the world's most expensive, prolonged, yet potentially lucrative games of chance.

At stake, besides the industry's money, is the future of the ocean and the coastline. Ten or twenty years ago no one particularly cared about drilling accidents. In 1962, for instance, oil from a platform near Alaska caught fire and burned out of control for 14 months without attracting much attention. But then came the Santa Barbara spill in 1969. The oil companies cite a study done by the University of Southern California showing that no lasting damage resulted from that spill, and yet 3 million gallons gushed out of a well there, devastating the beaches and killing thousands of birds. The public finally woke up to the dangers involved in offshore drilling.

"It is an awful and awesome chance

to take with our coastline," said New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne in 1974. "I'm not about to stand by and let that happen." Besides having aesthetic objections to beaches marred by oil slicks, he worried that a spill could jeopardize his state's coastal tourist industry, which generates $1.6 billion a year. His concern was shared by county officials on nearby Long Island, who joined with a private group called the Natural Resources Defense Council and obtained an injunction in 1976 preventing drilling in the Baltimore Canyon.

The case was appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which ruled in favor of the drilling in February. Six companies—Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, Conoco, Houston Oil & Minerals and Shell—have since started drilling east of Atlantic City. In June, Conoco finished drilling the first well, which turned out to be a dry hole. That was a bad omen, but it will probably take at least another 10 wells to establish what is or isn't stored in the Baltimore Canyon. But even if oil is discovered there, the companies don't expect to begin piping it ashore until the mid-1980s.

Exploration is also likely to begin within a year off the coast of Georgia, where there have been no legal challenges to the drilling. But in New England, fishermen and environmentalists have joined with the state of Massachusetts to obtain an injunction in Federal District Court postponing last January's scheduled Georges Bank lease sale. Because the oil in the Georges is believed to lie 150 miles off Cape Cod, it would probably be brought ashore by tankers. That worries fishermen: Tankers, which regularly discharge oil when emptying their tanks at sea, are considered more dangerous than the pipelines used in most other American offshore oil fields. The Department of the Interior estimates that tankers in the Georges Bank would spill an average of 4.2 million gallons—more than was spilled at Santa Barbara—every year for 20 years.

"That amount of oil being spilled in the Georges Bank is unacceptable. It's outrageous," says Douglas Foy, executive director of the Conservation Law Foundation, an environmental group that helped obtain the injunction. "The Georges Bank is one of the world's prime spawning grounds. It provides somewhere between five and twenty percent of the fish protein in the world. A single spill could exterminate certain species, such as haddock, according to the federal government's own study. It's ridiculous to take any chances there."

Some of the opposition in New England may diminish when Congress completes action on a bill concerning the offshore drilling program. The measure, which is now in conference committee, would establish a fund to compensate anyone directly or indirectly affected by a spill. It would also set stricter standards for tankers and require oil companies to use the safest available technology offshore.

No matter what Congress does, however, oil spills are inevitable if petroleum is found beneath the Atlantic. Although technology has improved since the time of Santa Barbara—there are now stacks of "blowout preventer" valves at the surface and more valves operated by remote control at the ocean floor—accidents still happen. Last year's massive spill in the North Sea occurred after a blowout preventer was put on upside down. And while there is equipment to clean up spills, it simply doesn't work if the seas are higher than five feet, a common condition in the Atlantic.

Are the risks worth it? At this point many early opponents of the drilling, such as New Jersey's Governor Byrne, believe so. They think that the bill in Congress will help matters, and they also claim they have little choice but to back offshore drilling now that energy supplies are dwindling. The alternatives to oil, such as coal or nuclear power, present environmental problems of their own. Carter is doing little for solar energy, and Congress is doing nothing for energy conservation. The eastern states have to find energy somewhere, and the rest of the country isn't so willing to provide it any more. (One of the popular songs in Texas these days is a ditty called "Freeze A Yankee.")

But it's still hard to accept the prospect of a half-dozen major oil spills, each 1.5 million gallons, occurring in the Atlantic during the next three decades. That's what the Department of the Interior projects if oil is found. There is a 10 percent chance that a spill in the Baltimore Canyon would reach shore, according to the department's studies, and the odds are about 50-50 that oil from the Georges Bank would end up on beaches.

These estimates, of course, like all the others, are nothing but SWAGs—computer-generated versions of that Texas preacher's X-ray vision. But they're worth worrying about. In 1976, after the tanker *Argo Merchant* dumped 7 million gallons of fuel oil off Nantucket Island, a team from the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection went to observe the catastrophe. They came back discouraged. "If there is a spill in the Atlantic," the group that will have to cope with leaks from rigs off the Jersey coast despaired, "there is very little that man can do." ●

RELAXES·"FOOT MISERY"
AMAZING FOOTCARE THERAPY
TREATMENT LOTION

One bottle eliminates using dangerous razor blades, knives, sandpaper discs, pumice stones, gadgets, harmful Salicylic Acid corn patches, callous pads, acid creams, lotions, salves, powders and sticks. Moisture activates away corns, callouses, soreness in bunions, ingrown nails, burning, tired, aching flakey skin, cracked heels. Stops odor , fungus, sweatiness. Wear any new shoe style. 4 fl. oz.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
Send $3.98 in check or money order to

A. J. I. PRODUCTS, INC.
1555½ WEST 85th STREET
L.A., CA 90044

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED
(No experience required) Each month you will receive nationally released albums to rate. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE for the LP's you receive. You pay a small membership fee which covers all costs of the LP's. We pay postage. In return for your opinion, build your LP collection. "First come basis." For application write EARS, DEPT. NT, Box 10245, 5521 Center St., Milwaukee, WI 53210. ©1975 E.A.R.S., INC.

The New Times
T-shirts
Two beautiful new shirts in full color.

NewTimes
NewTimes

Long sleeve French cut comes in adult sizes: S,M,L,XL. The colors are: yellow, beige, powder blue; all with the rainbow in full color. Only $6.95 including postage and handling.

Short sleeve is our regular cut t-shirt in adult sizes: S,M,L,XL. The colors are: white, beige, yellow; all with the rainbow in full color. Only $4.95 including postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:
T-shirts
New Times
1255 Portland Place
Boulder, Colorado 80323
Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery

HAD ENOUGH OF FAST FOOD JOURNALISM?

In this age of journalistic malnutrition, when cream puff profiles and fast-food celebrity interviews abound, the editors of NEW TIMES hereby invite you to break some bread and some news with them. Stories you can really sink your teeth into. Our brand of journalism.

Stick to your ribs reporting and writing

NEW TIMES has sprung one person from jail (Peter Reilly), broke the story that led to another's conviction (Patty Hearst), irritated public officials (the 10 dumbest congressmen), and deposed one cabinet member (Earl Butz). We triggered a new congressional investigation into the JFK assassination, sounded the first major alarm over the nation's drinking and fishing waters, punctured a large hole in the aerosol can industry, and exposed the war on cancer's Best and Brightest.

Not Just Meat and Potatoes

NEW TIMES has also had some laughs (a full issue on comedy), told some tall but true stories (the 133-year-old man), and discovered American originals like Larry Flynt and Werner Erhard. We've served up some of the best reviews in the country (Richard Corliss on film, Geoffrey Wolff on books), kept the most vigilant of Carter watches (Robert Shrum and Robert Sam Anson), picked up the fallen environmental banner, and bestowed some of the finest benedictions over passing bits of Americana in our Final Tributes.

Half Price Forever

Send in the attached card to take advantage of these special half-price offers... both at only half the regular $1.00 newsstand rate. That's 19 bi-weekly issues for $9.50 or 26 issues (one full year) for just $13.00. *We guarantee you the right to renew your subscription at half the prevailing newsstand price—forever.*

For Immediate Service
call: 800-247-2160
In Iowa call: 1-800-362-2860

Food for thought:

New Times at half price forever!

☐ Yes, I would like to order 19 issues of New Times for $9.50—that's 50¢ a copy—just half the newsstand rate. I am entitled to renew at half the prevailing newsstand price FOREVER.

☐ I prefer 26 issues (one full year) for $13.00

For immediate service call toll free: (800) 247-2160
In Iowa call 1-800-362-2860

☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Bill me later

NAME ______________________
(please print)
ADDRESS ______________________ APT. # ________
CITY ______________ STATE ________ ZIP ________
SIGNATURE ______________________

No-risk guarantee. If New Times isn't everything you expect, you can cancel your subscription at any time and receive a full refund on all unmailed issues.

4SF89

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes
P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

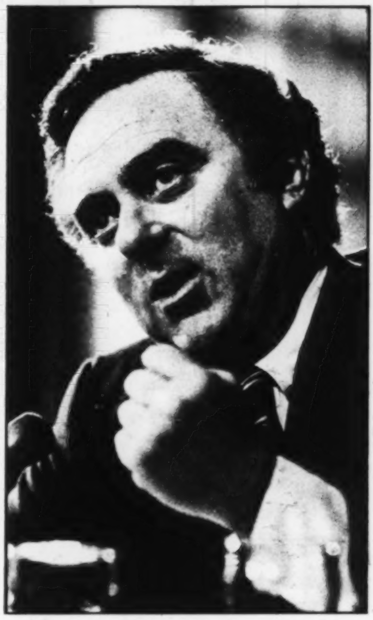
Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

CARTER'S NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE PLAN: DOA?

On May 22, Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano dispatched a "Presidential Review Memorandum" to the Oval Office asking the President to make "a fundamental policy choice" about national health insurance. The memo started with the stark numbers: 24 million Americans—9 million of them below the poverty line—have no health insurance; 19 million others have inadequate insurance; and 88 million have no insurance for catastrophic illness. (This year, 7 million families will face uninsured medical costs exceeding 15 percent of their income.) The 17-page memo ended with a section authoritatively headlined "The Decision." Carter had his choice of two options: either the "target approach," a limited plan providing catastrophic insurance for everyone as well as general health insurance for the poor, the aged and the disabled; or the "broad approach," a relatively comprehensive plan for all citizens.

The President didn't choose either approach. Three weeks later, after a meeting in his office with Califano, White House domestic policy chief Stuart Eizenstat and budget director James McIntyre, Carter settled on a third option—to do virtually nothing for now.

As long ago as last winter, H.E.W. had all but finished work on alternative health insurance plans. But Califano, a reluctant reformer who, according to one official, prides himself on being a lonely symbol of Administration competence and effectiveness on Capitol Hill, resisted a health plan because the members of Congress were scared to run with it—or to stand against it. They preferred that the President not send them one at all. And Califano tried to be obliging.



Califano: HEWing the wrong line?

But meanwhile, presidential special assistant for health issues and Carter semi-intimate Peter Bourne was telling reporters in background talks that there certainly would be a national health plan—and that it would be comprehensive. He blamed the delay on Califano's foot-dragging. Around the same time, Bourne was negotiating with Senator Edward Kennedy, the leading advocate of federal health insurance. (Kennedy confided to a Senate colleague that he was withholding criticism of the Carter Administration in the hope of bringing the President along on the health issue.)

By the spring, as a matter of political necessity and perhaps new-found conviction, Califano was ready to move. He approved a preliminary April 3 memorandum that explicitly assumed that Carter would endorse the "basic structure and approach" of a health insurance program "next month." The April memo emphasized both the "target approach" and the "broad approach," which H.E.W. planners had worked up months before.

It was to be another six weeks, though, before the proposals were forwarded to the President. This latest delay was partly due to a continuing argument between the Administration on one side and Kennedy and the United Auto Workers, the leading labor lobby for health insurance, on the other. The two groups were at odds over the exact role of private insurance companies in the more comprehensive plan, and also over H.E.W.'s proposed cost-sharing formula, under which patients above the poverty line would pay 25 percent of the first $6,000 of their medical bills each year. "The differences [between Kennedy and the Administration] were not terribly important," said a White House aide. Although no one foresaw it in early May, the time lost fighting over the fine print soon would jeopardize the main point.

When Califano's Presidential Review Memorandum of May 22 reached the White House, it underscored, in capital letters, that "30 MILLION AMERICANS ... WOULD NOT BE COVERED" except in cases of catastrophic illness by any health insurance, public or private, under the "target approach." Yet Califano was painfully aware of Carter's obsession with the cost of programs. A year ago, the H.E.W. Secretary was stunned and embarrassed during a Cabinet discussion of welfare reform when he outlined a plan that would have cost $3 billion more than the present system and the President cut him off with acid abruptness: "Then we might as well just stay with what we have," Carter snapped. This year, Califano's memo on health care was intensely cost-conscious. By excluding drugs and dental care and limiting mental health and preventive services, the memo pointed out, the cost of the "broad approach" would be $20 to $40 billion less. Cost-sharing would save another $20 to $25 billion.

But the memo also warned that there would be "pressure" to adopt a program without these savings. Indeed, H.E.W. officials worried that Ben Heineman and Richard Cotton, the Califano whiz kids who drafted the memo to Carter, had made it too cost-conscious for the comfort of a penny-pinching President. The "broad approach," they wrote, had "strangely different" costs from the narrow one; the differences, they reiterated, were "significant." In fact, the relatively comprehensive plan would add approximately $30 billion to federal spending, just $3 billion more than the "target approach"—a difference equal to three-fifths of 1 percent of the federal budget. Further on, the memo noted that "the inflationary impact ... of [these] increased expenditures can be offset by economic policy."

Despite the marginally higher price of the "broad approach," Califano went to the decisive June 15 session with the President inclined toward it, partly because the narrower option would be less effective at restraining inflation in health prices. The Califano

Photograph by Dennis Brack/Black Star

memo argued that limits on medical fees "probably could only occur . . . [as] a condition of participation in a universal national health insurance plan."

Califano thought he would be meeting only with the President and Stuart Eizenstat, who openly favored the "broad approach." But James McIntyre suddenly showed up to insist that the government couldn't afford either option. The President's budget director and his chief economic adviser, Charles Schultze, had fastened onto a provision of the more comprehensive plan that they claimed would inflate prices across the board. That provision would require employers to pay premiums for a standard level of employee health insurance. Labor Secretary Ray Marshall had objected earlier to the fact that this added cost of labor would result in the loss of 100,000 to 200,000 low-wage jobs, so the H.E.W. program had been revised to include a $10-billion federal subsidy to companies financing the premiums of low-wage workers. But even granted the subsidy, business would have to provide $10 billion more than it does now for health insurance. That, McIntyre argued, would be a cost passed on to consumers and would push up the already rising rate of inflation.

Actually, as Califano's memo figured it, the $10 billion cost to employers would increase price levels by only half of 1 percent—and only "after two years." And "this would be a one-time effect, after which prices would stabilize." Phasing in the plan by 1982, the memo projected, "would stretch out or even reduce" the increase.

But the real reason Carter refused to accept either of H.E.W.'s plans, a Department official says, "wasn't the economics of inflation, but post-Proposition 13 politics." Before the Jarvis-Gann amendment passed in California, a White House assistant says, "Carter was ready to take the heat for health insurance." In May, H.E.W. was preparing for it. But now Department officials are struggling to meet a new Office of Management and Budget demand for a 6 percent, $3 billion cut in existing federal health programs in the next budget. So while a $10 billion subsidy to employers for worker health insurance premiums might be a good device to dampen inflationary pressures, it would make for a bad budgetary image.

Yet the President has to provide at least a shadow of a health insurance program soon. He promised Edward Kennedy a decision by this summer. "Kennedy was the reason health insurance got this far," a Carter adviser concedes. But the White House, the adviser adds, now perceives with relief that "Proposition 13 has diminished Kennedy's ability to push the issue." So Califano is now likely to make the public announcement that the Administration is developing a health program along the lines of "certain principles." An H.E.W. source predicts: "The principles will be so ambiguous that they won't amount to anything. They'll include phrases like 'a mixed public-private system' and words like 'comprehensive'—and God only knows what it will all mean. They just want to delay the specifics." (A liberal in H.E.W. thinks that Kennedy may not mind—for now: "It serves his purpose not to have Carter present his kind of bill. It gives him a pretext in reserve for 1980," if he decides to challenge the President in the primaries.)

The liberals' last, frail hope is a new survey on national health insurance that Carter pollster Pat Caddell is currently conducting. In early June, H.E.W. was ordered to submit material for the poll. It may seem questionable to have a federal agency advising on a survey ostensibly taken for the Democratic National Committee. But H.E.W. was only too happy to help, since Caddell's earlier polls had shown overwhelming support for a health insurance program.

In 1976, as Califano's May 22 memo noted, Carter exempted health insurance from his goal of limiting the federal budget to 21 percent of the gross national product; he said he was willing to increase expenditures by 1 to 2 percent—$25 to $50 billion—to assure universal access to medical care. But three weeks after the passage of Proposition 13, the President pledged to "hold the line" on spending "even if it hurts us politically."

An Administration insider thinks Carter will draw that line against health insurance even if Caddell gives him a favorable reading on the issue—and that Carter isn't committed to it deeply enough to risk an image as even a selective spender in a period of parsimonious anti-politics. One H.E.W. official isn't sure that the President "really believes in health insurance or understands it." The official recalls Carter's reaction to a proposal that, as an alternative to abortion, all poor women be guaranteed Medicaid benefits during pregnancy: "Why do we want to do that?That will encourage them to have babies."

Indeed, lots of things in life are unfair. Like America's "haphazard, unsound, undirected, inefficient non-system [of medical care] that leaves us unhealthy and unwealthy at the same time," as Jimmy Carter described it in 1976. Two years later, that is one of the things that is still unfair—and it now seems likely to stay that way for a long time. ●

ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Still In The Ring. After Larry Holmes beat him last month in their toe-to-toe slugfest, Ken Norton seemed a man on the verge of retirement. But now . . . well, those million-dollar purses can make you forget awfully fast how much you hate getting hit in the face. These days Norton says he might fight again—although he seems a bit less excited about it all than he did last April, when we printed the story "Ken Norton is Spoiling For A Fight" (*NT*, 4/17/78). He says his next bout—"*if* I fight"—will probably come in September or October. But he adds, "I plan on quitting within one year, *no matter what*."

The Last Hurrah? In a story last May and a subsequent update, *New Times* has followed the strange case of Dennis Kucinich, Cleveland's boyish mayor, who in his brief tenure has managed to infuriate people all over town. (He fired a popular police chief, called city council members "buffoons," etc.) Some Clevelanders have been conducting a recall-the-mayor campaign, and now, after a flurry of court hearings, their petitions have been certified as valid and a recall election scheduled for August 13. Will Kucinich survive? Yes, he says—survive and be vindicated. And he has asked every resident to contribute $1 toward his campaign. (No hard figures yet, but it looks as though the mayor won't need wheelbarrows to haul the money away.)

Mild In The Stands. President Herbert Hoover was once introduced at a baseball game, only to be met, as he strode across the field, by a rafter-shaking chorus of boos. The fans were letting him know they were sick of Prohibition and wanted their beer. If Boston city councilor Ray Flynn ever strides across the field at Fenway Park, he'll likely get the same reception. Flynn has been leading a drive to increase police security and reduce beer consumption at Boston sports events, hoping to cut down on the sort of fan rowdiness covered last fall in our story "Wild In The Stands" (*NT*, 11/11/77). Flynn's efforts have already met with some success: The Boston Licensing Board has ordered roughly a doubling of security at Fenway, effective July 13. And from that day on, fans will no longer be allowed to buy 24-ounce cups of beer. They'll have to settle for 12-ouncers—and then only one to a customer at a time. ●

SIPA PRESS/BLACK STAR

The Insider

Nice, kids: *The National Enquirer* offered a $35 reward to the person who found *another* Caroline and Phillip getting married in late June. "We want to give this lucky couple the same royal coverage awarded to the Princess," an editor told us. By crucial moment, all likely candidates either broke up to avoid discovery or went into hiding until the whole thing blew over: *Enquirer* kept its cash.

Babbitt Redux

Lugosi-like, HUAC Rises From Grave in New Committee Body

WIDE WORLD

HUAC: Still stalks

> *"Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you've forgotten your aim."*
> —George Santayana

During the Vietnam conflict, Congressman Larry McDonald's (D-Ga.)wife said he refused to make love to her, because, she said *he* said, "people do not make love in war time." He also has been investigated on charges of stockpiling guns, and—as a urologist before coming to Congress—he prescribed laetrile to a patient (he's presently in court with the widow). Now Larry McDonald is engaging in an act more vividly right-wing than any of his other more trivial efforts: He's trying, with sorcerer-like success, to raise the bones of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

McDonald's proposal, to re-create the House Committee on Internal Security (H. Res. 48), would replicate those legendary witch-burners of bully HUAC. Staffers on the Rules subcommittee where the legislation's pending, say it may come up for a House vote in early autumn. McDonald has managed to scare up 177 co-sponsors so far.

If the committee's formed, McDonald would likely be chairman. The most ominous aspect of the legislation is that it gives the House investigative committee fabulous powers.

Politics

Its resolution states: "The Committee on Internal Security . . . is authorized to make investigations from time to time of the extent, character, objectives and activities within the United States of organizations or groups, whether of foreign or domestic origin . . . which seek to establish or assist in the establishment of a totalitarian dictatorship within the United States. . . . and to require, by subpoena or otherwise, the attendance and testimony of such witnesses and production of such books, records, correspondence, memorandums, papers and documents as it deems necessary."

As his opening ploy, McDonald is now intensively campaigning to convince members of the Jewish community that PLO supporters are putting money into American extremist groups. "Everytime the FLN throws a bomb or the PLO hijacks a plane," says Louise Rees, a McDonald staffer, "we get two or three more co-sponsors." Among those lined up so far: Representatives Mario Biaggi, John Murphy, Bruce Caputo, Barber Conable, John Hightower. *—Ira Rosen*

Business as usual

Justice Probe Says DEA Stole, Gambled, Planned Torrijos Murder

The nation's top narks, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), will face some painful needling if a now classified 1975 Justice Department probe of their activities comes to life. The investigation (the Defeo Report) alleges fraud and misconduct against DEA agents, including accusations of using federal funds for gambling, working with alleged organized crime-related groups, getting involved with the CIA and plotting to murder Panamanian dictator Omar Torrijos.

Not even released to the Congress, Defeo's allegations first came to light when a copy fell into the hands of the Church of Scientology, which has been pushing senators, congressmen and key investigative committee staffers to open hearings on the report. We got a copy of Defeo which reveals that the DEA developed close ties with Intertel, a private detective group with past clients such as Howard Hughes and the Bahamas' Paradise Island Casino (which has been linked with key associates of organized crime kingpin Meyer Lansky).

In addition, the report alleges, some top narks were supplied with gambling money, with Intertel's help, from Hughes' Summa Corporation. One high ranking official of the federal narcotics force was given a super-discounted holiday at Paradise Island. All this went on despite the fact that the DEA itself had already issued a report dealing with "possible ties between organized crime and Intertel."

DEA, according to Defeo, also got itself involved in some hot water by recruiting at least 36 former CIA agents for its intelligence division and hatching a plot to kill alleged drug peddler, Panamanian dictator Torrijos, and General Manuel Noriega, his sidekick and chief-of-police-state.

Add to these horrors allegations against individual narks for such crimes as heroin trafficking, burglary, unnecessary display of firearms, "illicit relations with a female employee," and Defeo could spell the greatest challenge to DEA since Colombian hit the market.

One DEA source described Defeo as "old, unsubstantiated bullshit," but agency spokesman David Hoover says he'd just as soon forget the whole thing. "I've never read it, although I know it exists," Hoover said. "I'm glad I never needed to read it so I don't have to lie about it. It is not very flattering to the department, you know."

—Joel Kotkin

Autry with pal: Remembrance of balls passed

UPI

Omen III

Nixon Kicks Off '80 Campaign Before 29,289 in Anaheim Stadium

Former President Richard Nixon granted his first broadcast interview, since last year's David Frost spectacle, on June 26. The forum was hardly *Meet the Press*—his interrogator was sportscaster Dick Enberg and the stage was “Angel Warm-Up,” the California Angels' pre-game radio show on KMPC.

It seems that Angel owner Gene Autry, obviously aware of the good luck which has followed the best-selling author throughout his life, felt that Nixon's presence at Anaheim Stadium might help his team snap its losing streak. “I remember that the last time I was here was the 1973 opening day,” Nixon reminisced, “and I hope it's a good omen, because that day I remember Nolan Ryan pitched, the Angels won 3-2, and Frank Robinson, playing his first game for the Angels, as you may remember, hit one over the left-field wall. And it was against Kansas City with Busby pitching.”

Nixon analyzed the Angels' situation (“Let me say this about Rudi: Despite the fact he isn't hitting that well, he's done exceptionally well in the field and he has saved runs, and with his ability to throw, there are those who don't score who otherwise would”), recalled the night the Angels came to the White House (“It was one of the finest occasions we ever had at the White House, and there were many fine ones, and will be in the future as well. . . . Y'know, it's really great to meet celebrities”) and discussed his favorite player (“I've always thought Lou Gehrig was one of the greatest—I guess we all do—because he was great when he played, and he was great in the way he faced up to great adversity”).

But the thing that he really wanted to talk about was the Angels' advertising spots. “As far as the commercials go,” Nixon said, apropos of nothing, “I like the one about Continental Airlines, I like the one about Budweiser, although I don't much care for beer at a baseball game, but the one I think is the favorite is ‘Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie'—which I do not eat—‘and Chevrolet.' ”

The Angels lost, 4-0. •

Family firms

When Tony Pro Went to Jail, He Let Daughter Jo Pro Run the Shop

Crime history:

In 1961, two men were fighting for control of the biggest Teamster local in New Jersey, when one of them, Anthony “Three Fingers Brown” Castellito, disappeared. That left Anthony “Tony Pro” Provenzano to rise to power at the Union City local. He ruled officially as its president, allegedly unofficially after a prison term for extortion, then officially once more as the local's secretary-treasurer, the job Castellito was holding when he disappeared. Federal authorities think Tony Pro is a crime boss, so they were jubilant last month when a New York State jury found him guilty of arranging Castellito's murder and Tony Pro quit his job. They were hoping the conviction might give them leverage in solving the riddle of Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance, since most of them believe Tony Pro knows what happened to the former Teamster boss who, like Castellito, disappeared. And some union members hoped it would give them momentum to clean up the Union City local.

Union news:

They were less delighted, however, when they learned who took over Tony Pro's job one day later. One thousand of the 9,000 local members met and unanimously approved the selection of Josephine Provenzano, Tony Pro's 22-year-old daughter.

Politics

She'll take home his $44,000-a-year paycheck and handle items like the local's $90 million pension fund. If she can't reach her father's prison cell for advice, she can talk to Uncle Nunzio Provenzano, the local's president or Uncle Salvatore, who is its vice president as well as the 6th vice president of the entire Teamster's Union.

At the meeting where Josephine was elected, as a self-invited federal agent watched, Nunzio asked the union members at the meeting to “please, please step forward,” if they had objections. No one did. “Nobody hands us these jobs,” Salvatore said later, “we get elected.”

—Michael Hoyt

UPI

Tony Pro:
Local girl makes good

Griffin Bell on the Next Chief Justice

“And besides, I cut a fine figure in black . . .”

Although none of the nine Supreme Court justices has indicated that he is considering resignation or retirement, Attorney General Griffin Bell and his assistant, Michael Egan, have begun a quiet screening process, working up a list of potential Carter nominees to the high court. He has already submitted one acceptable name to the President.

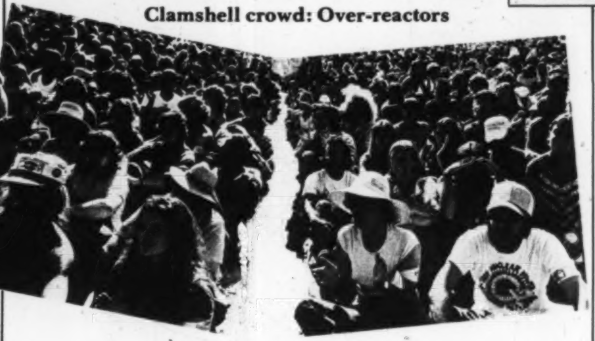
Will Bell's own name be on that list? No, says the attorney general, that would be a “conflict of interest.”

But if history works itself over, Bell in black is anything but unforeseeable: The last time Bell had to make a list, after Carter's election, Bell screened the candidates for the job of attorney general. And look where he is today. “I never could find one to please the President,” Bell recalled.

UPI

—Dorothy J. Samuels

Clamshell crowd: Over-reactors



MARTIN A. LEVICK/BLACK STAR

Nuclear fission

Anti-Nukites Bitterly Split As Seabrook Spurs Tactical Dispute

During the June 24-26 antinuclear demonstration organized by the Clamshell Alliance, when some 15,000 protestors covered an 18-acre site neighboring twin multibillion dollar nuclear plants being built in Seabrook, New Hampshire, Clamshell members split their ranks viciously.

The problems began in an emergency meeting three weeks before the demonstration. The Alliance coordinators decided that local support for illegally occupying the power plant construction site was quickly eroding. Hoping to regain broad support by rejecting civil disobedience, the Clamshell coordinating committee voted to accept the legal site sanctified by state authorities.

Throughout the weekend, dissident Clams met to vent their frustrations. Perturbed by the Clamshell's "undemocratic" negotiations with the state, a large knot reviled the legal rally as "an ineffective symbolic act."

Harvey Halpern, a dissident member of the Boston Clam, accused some members of the coordinating committee and Boston Clam of lying and manipulation of power. Calling Jim Garrison, the head coordinator of New England training for Clamshell, "a psychotic liar or a police agent," Halpern alluded to an incident in which Garrison had allegedly lied to the Portsmouth Clam accusing Halpern's group of intending to come to Seabrook to incite cutting of the fences surrounding the power plant, thus gathering support for the change in plans.

One member of the Boston group says that "Harvey Halpern's connection to reality is doubtable," that Halpern and his group were proponents of an "extremely militant" approach to Seabrook.

The dissident groups, under the name "Clams for Democracy," are establishing their own mailing network within the larger organization. "I have nothing against legal rallies," says Halpern, "but we can't stop there. I would like to have direct action rather than moral witnesses."

—David Michaelis

Back with the coats

California's Latest Right-Wing Spasm: The Anti-Gay Briggs Amendment

Reactionary California seems to be on the verge of leveling a vehement assault on gay rights. Earlier this month, the Briggs initiative, a measure which would allow school districts to fire and refuse to hire anyone engaging in or even "advocating" homosexuality, qualified for the state's fall election ballot. By every account, passage of State Senator John Briggs' measure appears an overwhelming possibility.

"I believe we are underdogs by a large margin," says David Goodstein, publisher of the Bay Area-based *Advocate*, America's largest gay newspaper. "I think there's a chance we won't even carry San Francisco County." Goodstein explains that "parental hysteria over gay teachers as role models is the most difficult myth we have to overcome." Reacting to a private poll testing opinion on the initiative, one gay leader said, "I don't think it's possible for the Briggs initiative to be defeated."

Briggs is causing political discomfort as well to (couldn't leave *him* out) Jerry Brown, whose big fear, in the words of one top Brown aide, is of "faggot pieces" appearing about him in the press. So, although Brown has come out in opposition to the initiative, gay leaders expect less-than-fervent support from him toward the cause. "He's definitely one of the people shying away from it," says a legislative source. "He's worried about being gay-baited."

The Briggs camp is floating aloft with confidence. Republican sponsor Briggs, a self-defined "born again Christian" who campaigned with Anita Bryant in Dade County, predicts an easy victory. This is no regular campaign virtriol, this is serious poison: Briggs heaps gays together with "prostitutes, pimps, burglars and rapists," and crusades against California "Sodom and Gomorrah" (Hollywood and San Francisco). Goodstein's observation of Briggs is that he is "little, effeminate and swishy." "We are not going to have teachers who are loose in their morals," Briggs proclaims. "There was the Dade County event, there was the St. Paul event, and now the main event is going to be in California."

—Paul Grabowicz

Defense Dept. Starts Own Organ to Tell the Company Truth

The Defense Department has developed still a new propaganda arm: a four-color tabloid newspaper, meant to speak for the "new initiative," aimed at enlisted men, women and junior officers. Called *SAM* (a somewhat underfed acronym for *Soldier, Sailor, Airman, Marine*), the paper exists, says Editor-in-Chief Lt. Col. Brian Sheehan, USAF, to give DOD command a unilateral voice. Though other branches have their own papers, most notedly the Army's now-financially troubled *Stars and Stripes*, no organ has taken "information straight from the top DOD management and presented it to the troops."

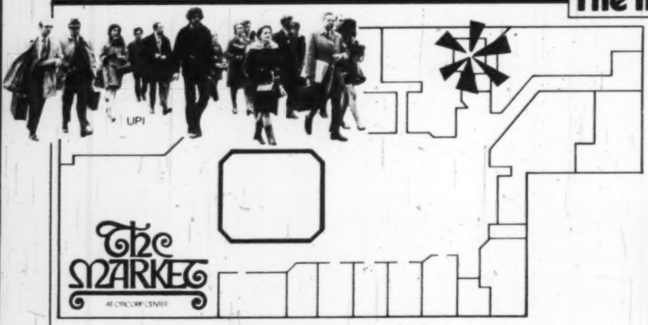
Apparently, the point is also to humanize the voice that usually barks: *SAM* will offer readers advice on problems (Dear Captain Abby, sir: about the towel whipping, sir) such as drinking, drugs, sex, salary, UFOs, suicide, promotion, housing and gosh-knows-what. And yes sir, that comic *is very* funny, sir!

SOLDIER, SAILOR, AIRMAN, MARINE
SAM
SPECIAL SURVEY ISSUE
3 Services To Reduce HQ. Staffs
SURVEY CARD INSIDE
FREE!

The paper's format is male-oriented (suggested photo essay: "pretty girls going through paratroop school"). And it won't be competing with *Foreign Policy*—"It's got a flashy look, flashy headlines, a lot of one syllable words." Lt. Col. Sheehan handles his audience resignedly. "We're trying to grab them visually—they were weaned on TV."

The product's been tested, and Defense Department figures say the response is 82 percent favorable and 14 percent unfavorable. And the 82 percent, for the most part, were not the ones with reflecting shoulders.

—Josh Martin



Citicorp floorplan: Don't all flush at once

Citicorp as Host: 19,000 Guests And Two Bathrooms (Lots of Soap)

"The Market," the staggeringly modernistic shopping gallery at New York's Citicorp Center, has hauled in publicity for the abundant facilities it offers: The three-story gallery surrounds a sky-lit atrium and contains 17 stores, eight of which are international restaurants. It's decorated with overgrown plants, cafe tables, balconies, black glass and steel walls. An estimated 19,000 people use it daily. Ah! Where's the flaw, where's the flaw? It's basic. The entire place has only one public men's room and one public women's room.

A recent New York State law went into effect December 5, 1977, specifically to prevent this sort of unequal supply and demand situation. The law, NYS Public Health Act 1352A, requires restaurants with seating capacities of 20 or more to provide restroom facilities for their patrons and to locate the restrooms conveniently. The only restaurant in the gallery with its own bathrooms is Richoux of London. Their two small washrooms have one sink and one toilet each. Tooling 19,000 people with a total of eight toilets, six sinks and two urinals is a loose interpretation of Public Health Act 1352 A.

A spokesman for "The Market's" architect says that "at first the bank [Citicorp] wanted no public bathrooms at all. The tenants were going to provide their own bathrooms. But since the tenant spaces were so small . . ." A spokeswoman for Citicorp says that the presence of toilets is quite a gift in itself. "It requires no purchase," she points out.

In its original proposal, approved by the Environmental Health Agency, Citicorp claimed there would be two bathrooms with 20 toilets each. "The Market" was recently investigated by the Environmental Health Services. They concluded that these meager facilities are "convenient and adequate." Yeah.

—Elliot Peters

Seventies

Sloppy Seconds

60 Minutes Nails Pinto Scoop; 20/20 Hops in Back Seat

It wasn't enough that *20-20*, ABC-TV's month-old Tuesday night newsmagazine show has been universally panned as a shabby imitation of CBS' *60 Minutes*. The *20-20* editors recently took another shot on the chin, when an investigative segment on seven million Ford cars with faulty gas tanks was scooped by a nearly identical feature on *60 Minutes*.

An ABC staffer claims that a CBS producer "somehow got a hold of our story list" and hurriedly finished its final few interviews to air a Pinto segment that wasn't due on until September.

The *20-20* staff favored dropping its Ford story and substituting another segment, the noble bullet-biting response to getting scooped. "It was like a slap in our face," said the ABC staffer. "For some reason [ABC News and Sports President Roone], Arledge insisted on running it, even though there was very little new information we could add to the *60 Minutes* report."

CBS, of course, denies that it moved its Pinto report up to an earlier show. "It was just a coincidence. *20-20* had nothing to do with us," said *60 Minutes* spokeswoman Sue Levitt. "Just look at the ratings. We don't need to compete with *20-20*."

Meanwhile, a source at ABC says, the biggest weakness with *20-20* is Roone Arledge's continued meddling on journalistic turf, where staffers feel he doesn't belong. After the show's disastrous June 6 debut, Arledge removed cohosts Harold Hayes and Robert Hughes and replaced them with Hugh Downs. Arledge may not know news, but he understands ratings: The week Downs took over, the show went from a 22 share to a 29, and potential reprieve. That apparently hasn't pacified the news workers to whom the ultimate insult these days is, "20-20-you."

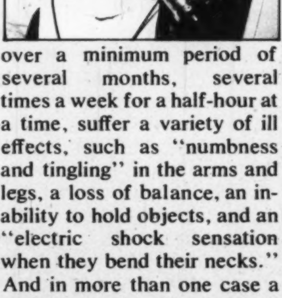
—Doug Garr

Canned laughter

Steady Intake of Nitrous Oxide Has Less Than Amusing Results

For millions of dizzy Americans, drawing nitrous oxide from the steel teat has long been considered a quick, delightful and risk-free high. But, a University of California professor of neurology says that laughing gas may be very dangerous stuff.

For the past year, Professor Robert Layzer has been treating habitual nitrous oxide users for "nerve disorders" and damage to the spinal cord apparently caused by the inhalation of large amounts of laughing gas. Layzer says that the victims, who used the gas over a minimum period of several months, several times a week for a half-hour at a time, suffer a variety of ill effects, such as "numbness and tingling" in the arms and legs, a loss of balance, an inability to hold objects, and an "electric shock sensation when they bend their necks." And in more than one case a patient was "totally unable to walk or stand."



WIDE WORLD

Layzer explained that he first encountered the phenomenon last year when a dentist, who was a steady nitrous oxide user, came to him complaining of numbness and tingling. He says he soon received reports of other dentists suffering from the same symptoms. The dentists would use anesthetic gas available in their offices "during lunch hours and after work," Layzer explains, "primarily because of the relaxing effect" it offers.

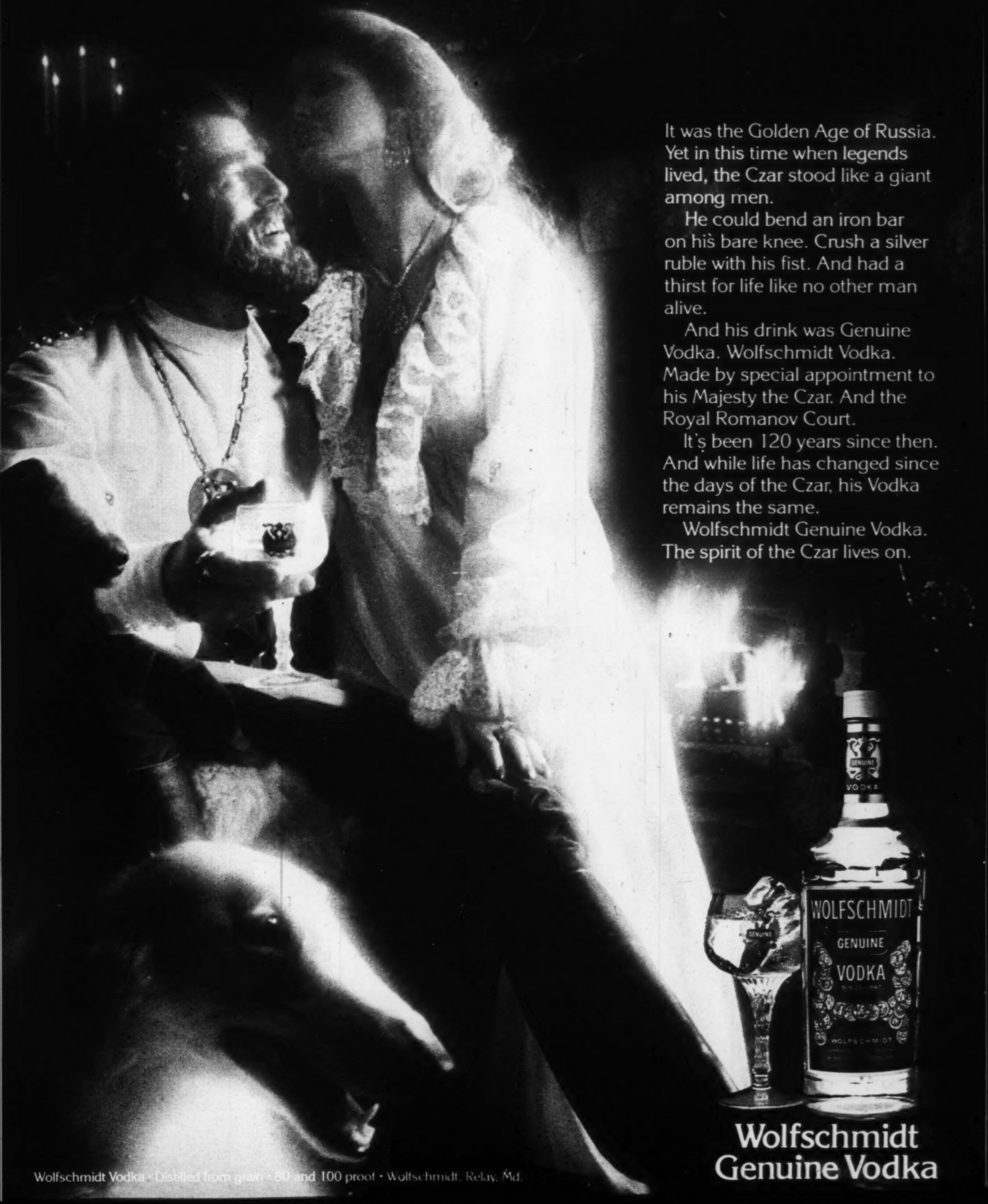
Even more disturbing to Layzer was the difficulty he experienced in trying to cure his patients of their nerve problems. "Some patients have made a reasonably good recovery," Layzer explained, "but there are many who have not."

Layzer cautions that his patients were heavy and long-time users of the gas, and that there is now no evidence of danger to casual dabblers. And he adds, "I doubt there is any risk from anesthetic procedures on patients" who received the gas in the dentist's office.

But his preliminary findings do indicate that laughing gas is, in Layzer's words, "a probable cause of neurological disorder. . . . Nitrous oxide does not deserve its reputation for being a safe and harmless drug for recreational purposes," he says of still another compromised pleasure.

—Paul Grabowicz

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

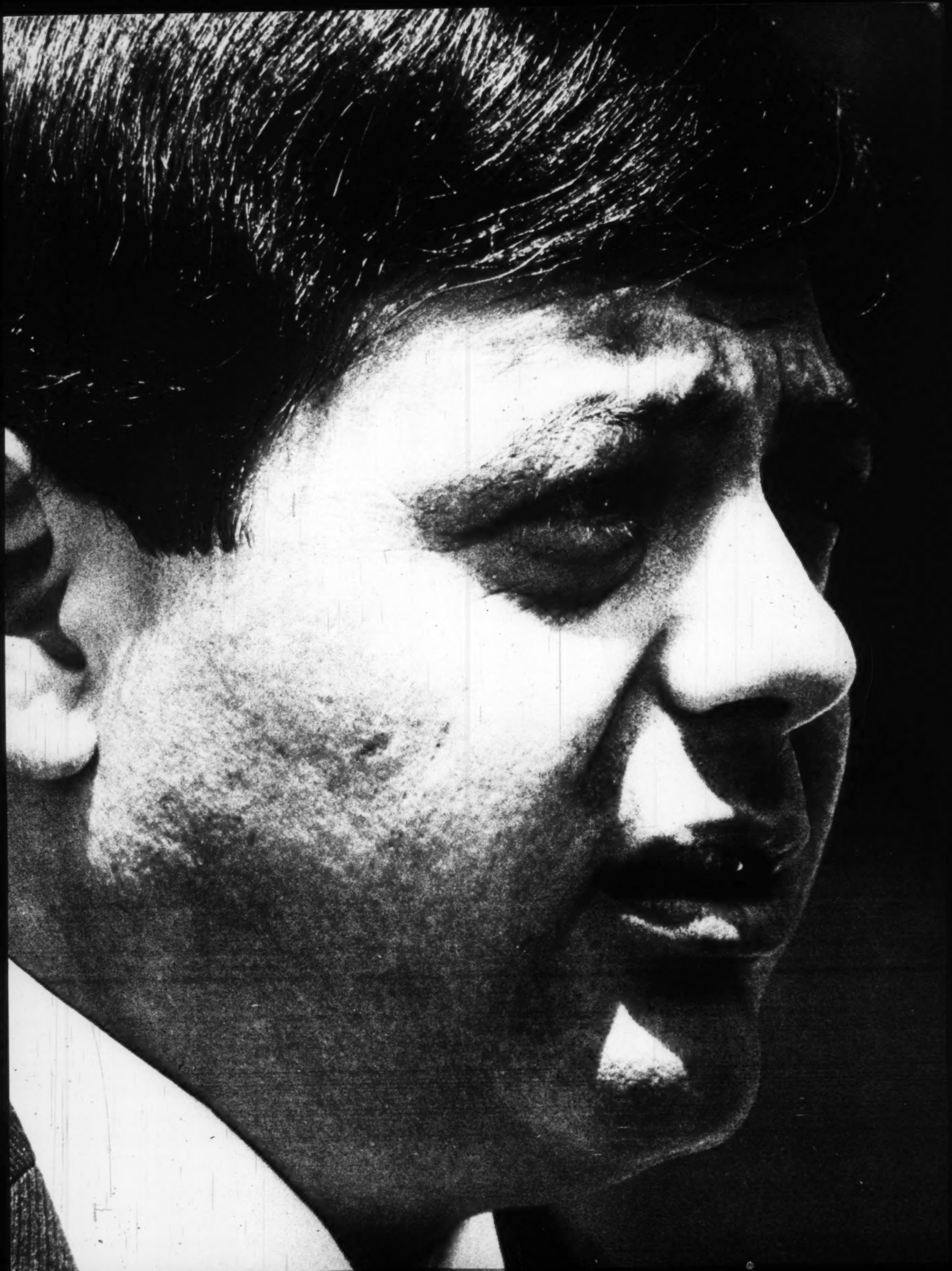
And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

**Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka**

Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.



Buddy, We Hardly Knew Ya

Twelve years ago, in a suburb of Milwaukee, a law student was accused of raping a woman at gunpoint. After receiving a $3,000 settlement, she dropped the charges and the incident was nearly forgotten. That student, Vincent "Buddy" Cianci, Jr., is now the mayor of Providence, Rhode Island...

by Craig Waters

It was 8 a.m., a cold, wet April morning in Providence, Rhode Island, which is about as gray and as dreary as the world ever gets. But inside the ballroom of the Marriott Inn, the world was all sunshine and laughter. A Dixieland band beat out Bourbon Street melodies, while hundreds of the city's elite feasted on free Danish and coffee in Styrofoam cups.

Vincent A. "Buddy" Cianci, Jr., the 36-year-old mayor of Providence, had scheduled a breakfast party to announce his plans for the future; nearly 400 friends and relatives and Republican Party faithfuls had shown up. They side-stepped icy puddles as they crossed the parking lot, crowded into a plush lobby and milled down a long hallway toward the sound of the music.

A corps of attractive young women handed out "Cianci '78" buttons at the door. Plastic bags filled with pastel balloons dangled from the ceiling.

When the mayor finally arrived, Tony Polito's Dixieland band broke into a chorus of "My Buddy." Tall troopers cleared a path through the crowd. Cianci, a short, plump man with cherubic features, is a strange mixture of Peter Lorre and Brother Dominic. He smiled as he made his way across the room.

Taking his place at the podium beneath a huge, fuzzy photo of himself, the mayor indulged the applause for a few minutes, then began to speak: "It's certainly a great pleasure, obviously, to be here this morning with so many people—so many Republicans, and so many Democrats, and so many Independents who truly are interested in their city."

Buddy Cianci: Marquette class of '66

Leaning into the microphone, Cianci began to read a seven-page statement, and dryly recited the highlights of his first term as mayor. His voice was strong but uninflected, and he rushed along like a priest performing the last mass of a very long day. He detailed his accomplishments, noted that he had been urged to run for higher office, reaffirmed his commitment to Providence...

The litany went on and on. Cianci's mouth grew dry; sweat began to glisten on his upper lip. It was a ritual of endurance rather than of inspiration. Reporters followed his text without much interest, but as he neared the big moment, the television crews instinctively switched on their cameras.

"In the hope that record merits reelection," Cianci's voice rose dramatically, "I announce my candidacy for mayor of the city of Providence."

Someone in the audience "Hi-yo'd" an Ed McMahon yell, triggering whistles and applause; balloons billowed down from the ceiling, and the band burst into "Happy days are here again..." Cianci stepped back from the podium and savored the scene: the color, the noise, the power. His wife and their three-year-old daughter came to his side; Providence's first family waved at the transported crowd.

"... The skies above are clear again... Let us sing a song of cheer again..."

When the applause and Dixieland subsided, Cianci returned to the microphone. "The press has asked... that questions be asked. I'd be very happy to answer any..."

There was at least one question that would not have been pleasant to answer—one that the reporters present that morning did not ask: whether or not Vincent Cianci, Jr., had once been accused of raping a woman at gunpoint.

In 1974, Buddy Cianci became the first Republican to be elected mayor of Providence in 35 years. Before his term,

Photograph from 1966 *hilltop*, Marquette University

The Candidate: Though supporters have urged him to run for higher office, Cianci decided to seek another term as mayor

Republicans had occupied Providence City Hall for a grand total of six years and 10 months since the turn of the century. His margin of victory was narrow—709 votes out of a total of more than 50,000—but in a city as intrinsically Democratic as Providence, and in a state as fundamentally Democratic as Rhode Island, any Republican victory suggests divine intervention. Even now, nearly four years after his election, political observers note that there is no viable Republican organization in the city; there is only Cianci.

He was born and raised in Providence, and his background gave him a head start on a political career: He was affluent, Italian and Roman Catholic in a city where, politically, you could hardly do better. He attended Fairfield University, earned a master's degree in political science at Villanova and, in 1966, graduated from law school at Marquette University; the following year he was admitted to the Rhode Island Bar. Cianci spent three years in the Army, and after being discharged, joined the staff of the state attorney general; in 1973, he became deputy attorney general.

Cianci's political debut could not have been more perfectly timed. In 1974, the city's Democratic Party was splintered by a bitter primary, and one dissident faction threw its support to Cianci. It was all he needed. Running against a 10-year incumbent on an anticorruption platform, he squeaked into office.

Two years later, Cianci was seconding Gerald Ford's nomination at the Republican National Convention—an enviable task for a 34-year-old neophyte.

Since his election he has earned mostly favorable reviews. One city hall reporter noted that "he's a very talented politician . . . in many ways a very bright politician . . . City government in Providence is much more open now—records are easily accessible. And he's made some progress in revitalizing downtown."

"If Cianci stays in Providence, he's probably safe. If he goes on to the state or federal level, then obviously it's going to come out"

But there have been some problems. "The city's financial posture . . . has deteriorated steadily since he took office," the same reporter noted. In January, his beleaguered police chief, Robert Ricci, a 29-year veteran, committed suicide. And in February, the city's snowplows faced the Blizzard of '78 and failed.

Cianci weathered the crises well. Everyone knew he was running for higher office—either the Senate or the governor's mansion. When Cianci held a fund raiser last winter, former President Ford not only put in an appearance, but urged that Cianci run for governor. These days, Republicans who win are cultivated as carefully as rare orchids.

When Cianci announced that he would seek another term as mayor because he could not "in good conscience" leave the job undone, the skeptics put forth more plausible explanations: Cianci felt his popularity had suffered from the storm and the suicide; he was not yet strong enough to challenge the state Democratic Party; he intended to wait until 1980, when he could run for governor while serving as mayor.

And there were those who entertained a fourth possibility: "The other reason was the unpublished reason—the story of the [alleged] rape," a reporter said. "If he stays in Providence, he's probably safe. If he goes to the state or federal level, then obviously it's going to come out."

Voters might forgive a snowstorm, might even overlook the fact that he was not a Democrat; but, if they ever found out, it is unlikely they would forget that Buddy Cianci had indeed once been accused of raping a woman at gunpoint.

Photograph: Providence Journal-Bulletin

One of his classmates at Marquette Law School was Alan D. Eisenberg, the son of a Milwaukee attorney. Eisenberg is now one of the best known—some would say notorious—trial lawyers in Wisconsin. A short, dark tempest of a man, he combines the moral outrage of William Kunstler, the flamboyance of F. Lee Bailey, and the jive class of a street tough. He has made a reputation by defending controversial clients and attacking institutions. After he and his father launched a particularly vigorous attack against a county judge who then committed suicide, both were suspended from the Wisconsin bar for a year for "unprofessional conduct" that violated "the oath of respect to the court." In his office is a bulletin board papered with current news clippings; one wall features a poster announcing "The Fight of the Century—Muhammad Ali vs. Alan D. Eisenberg."

Three days after Cianci announced his candidacy for reelection, Eisenberg sat in the coffee shop of the Marc Plaza Hotel in downtown Milwaukee. He devoured Cianci and a club sandwich simultaneously. "I began law school in January of '63 and he began the following fall," Eisenberg said.

"In the beginning, I was quite close to him. I knew that his father was a wealthy doctor . . . that he had a substantial income that he was living off—a trust fund. First thing he did when he got into town was he bought himself a new Buick Riviera—paid cash for it—and he got an [East Side] apartment.

"He was a new guy in town; he didn't know anybody . . . so I introduced him. I was very active socially myself—knew a lot of ladies—and I fixed him up with a few. And . . . eight to ten months later, I started getting my face slapped for having introduced them to him. He was very aggressive. He came on strong—very strong. I fixed him up with one girl who was a judge's secretary, and she gave me a harsh reprimand."

Eisenberg's friendship with Cianci withered. Then, on March 5, 1966, Eisenberg saw a story in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*: "A 20 year old telephone operator and a 25 year old law school senior she has accused of raping her at gunpoint, have agreed to take lie detector tests next week, Asst. Dist. Atty. Gerald Boyle said Friday. Boyle said the woman alleged that she had been drugged and raped by the student . . . in a River Hills home . . ."

"That was my class," Eisenberg explained, "and there were only 100—maybe 70—guys left. I went to school that day or the next morning . . . and somebody said, 'Hey, that was Cianci.' Then I talked to him and he said, 'Yeah—it's a shakedown,' that he was having Danny Weiss [a local attorney] handle it."

The 20-year-old telephone operator, Gayle Redick,* had been living away from home for about a year and was renting a room at a studio club (a women's residence) in Milwaukee. Within hours of the alleged attack, she had told her parents and a friend who reported the incident to the police.

Years later, Redick was still able to describe the evening of March 2, 1966, in painfully vivid detail.

Redick took the lie detector test and passed; Cianci took it three times and failed each time

"I was 20 . . . working full-time as an operator for . . . [the] answering service. . . working an evening shift. . .

"I was walking home from work. It was a spring night—it was nice out, and the bus wasn't coming . . . It wasn't that far . . . I was walking home from work, yes, and he was following me. He had . . . some big black car . . . I think it was a Riviera. He kept pulling up at the curb, and I kept walking. I thought it was just somebody trying to pick me up—you know how guys used to do that years ago.

"Finally, he parked the car and he got out. He walked up to me, and he asked if I was Gayle Redick. He said he knew Carey,* who worked with me, and he said she had mentioned my name to him. He knew [where] I worked . . . he knew everything about me . . . And he was wondering if I wanted to work for him part-time. He asked if I wanted to type . . . something to do with subscription forms—it was for the school, I know . . . He told me he was going to school—he was a student at Marquette Law . . ." (In her original, handwritten statement to police, Redick said that Cianci had first called her, offering part-time employment, and then picked her up after work; more recently, she has denied that account, explaining that it was written while she was still in a state of shock—she says that her first contact with Cianci occurred when he approached her on the street.)

"There was something very odd—the look in his eyes . . . I don't know. I kept saying, 'There's something different about him,' but yet he was very smooth, very good mannered, well dressed; the type of person that would impress anyone—like a businessman—and I figured he was a well-educated person. Maybe that's why I trusted him . . .

"He said he was going to take me to his office to show me what I would do . .

"I wasn't going to go, I remember. I told him I had to change my clothes; I went back to the studio club, and I wasn't going to go. And he parked out front of the studio club, and I kept thinking I needed the money . . . I changed my clothes—I put on a dress; and he sat out there for half an hour or so . . . I needed the money, it was a part-time job, and I figured if he knew Carey I could trust him. So I took a chance . . . And finally I went. I told him I was willing to do typing . . .

"We were on the expressway, and I asked him where he was taking me—it seemed so far. And he just said, 'We'll be there in a minute. It's not that far . . . My office is over there.' I told him, I said, '*This* isn't an office.' He said his office was in his home, and through the front door there was an office there—like a study or den . . .

"I wasn't worried, though, because he hadn't really made any advances to me or done anything. You know, it seemed all business. Then he offered me a drink . . . I think it was a rum and Coke—that was what I drank at the time. After I drank that drink, I felt funny—everything was all hazy. I felt like I was drugged. I don't know how it feels to be drugged, but that's the way it felt.

"Then he started coming toward me, and trying to kiss me and trying to make out with me. And I told him I didn't even know him. He just kept talking, and I can't remember too much more . . . He pulled me into the bedroom—it was all in such a haze . . . It was more or less like I was here, and I was there. I was out, and I wasn't. Everything was far away and spinning—it didn't seem like it was really happening . . .

"I told him that I'd go to the police, and he said that I'd make a fool out of myself . . . that he would get away with it because he knew every nook and cranny—he was going to law school. He laughed and he said that he'd get away with it. He said he could do anything he wanted . . .

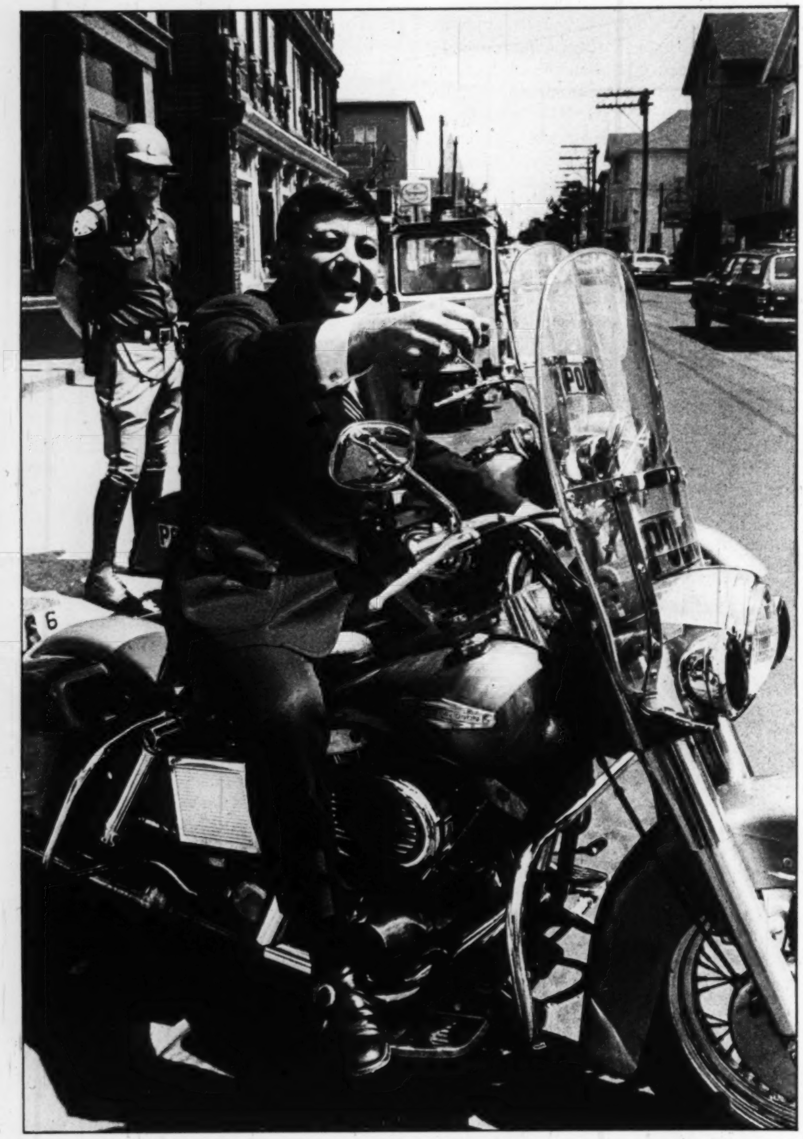
"I started fighting him off. I started screaming—I remember screaming. Then he got the gun . . . The gun was in a nightstand by the bed, tucked in a drawer. He put it by my head, and told me if I screamed one more time he'd blow my brains out. He said, 'Look out the window—there's a ravine there. I could throw your body down there, and no one would ever find you.'

"It was a terrible experience—that's all I can say . . . Finally, I couldn't fight him off any longer . . . and he raped me . . .

"When he went to the bathroom, I called a cab. I was going to call the po-

---

**Names followed by asterisks are fictitious*



The Mayor at Rest: A light moment in a busy schedule

lice, but I thought if a police car drove up, he would kill me. All I could think about was to get out of there, to get to some place safe . . . and sleep—that's all I could think of. I was in a state of shock . . .

"When the doorbell rang, he got all excited, and he said, 'Who's that?' And I ran—I pushed him aside and I ran, and I opened the door. The cab driver had come to the door. He acted very cool in front of the cab driver. He says, 'We had a wonderful time, and I'll call you . . . We'll go out to dinner sometime.' I remember that very plain."

Shortly after arriving at the studio club, Redick passed out. When she awoke, she told a friend what had happened. The police were notified and she was escorted to the station by her housemother. Redick was examined by a physician, spoke to the River Hills police, filed a written complaint and was grilled by authorities for more than 14 hours. On the morning of March 4, she was asked to identify Cianci, who denied her accusations.

"We were in the judge's chamber at the time. When they first brought him in, he said, 'Hi there! Didn't we have a great time last night?' He acted so cool, calm and collected . . . And they asked him if he knew me, and he said, 'Yes, I met her last night, and we had such a good time I wanted to take her out to dinner.' And I just completely . . . I don't know . . . I just flipped out. Can you imagine—my parents were there in the judge's chambers, and he walks in like that? My dad almost went after him."

Redick was so distraught that, the following day, she took an overdose of sleeping pills, and was admitted to a hospital for observation.

"I didn't want to kill myself, but I was under such strain and nervous pressure. No one seemed to believe me . . . until after the lie detector tests. I even felt guilty, because I did go with that man—a person that's raped always feels a little bit guilty . . . But I think anyone would have trusted him—the way he can smooth talk, and put on a front . . ."

Police reported that they found the alleged crime scene exactly as Redick had described it. The glasses, the gun, the soiled linens were tagged as evidence by the State Crime Laboratory. Their reports noted:

"The German 7.65 m/m (.32 A.P. Caliber) Ortgies Auto Loading Pistol, serial number 83680, was examined and found to be in operating mechanical condition . . .

"Items D, E, F, three empty glasses, were also examined for drug residues. Results were negative. It would be very difficult to make an identification under these circumstances unless the glass had contained a solution with a relatively high concentration of drug . . .

"The bedsheet was examined for the presence of semen. Semen was identified chemically in one area and intact spermatozoa were also identified at that spot . . . Human blood was identified in small spots on the pillowcase and also on the sheet . . . Traces of blood were identified at the crotch area of the victim's panty girdle. The amount was insufficient for further tests."

Redick took the lie detector test and passed; Cianci took it three times and failed each time. Harold Block, then a lieutenant with the River Hills Police Department, filed this report:

". . . According to State Crime Lab expert, Joe Wilamovksy, the report on the polygraph test showed this to be one of the most clear cut cases of rape he had ever processed in his years with the State Crime Lab. In his opinion, Gayle Redick passed the test beyond a shadow of doubt while Cianci failed completely on three separate testings . . ."

"We thought we had everything. We thought we had enough to convict him," Block said recently. "When you think you have enough, you send it on up to the D.A. Then you hope for justice."

The investigation passed into the hands of the attorneys.

"My attorney didn't think I was well enough to go on with the case," Redick said. "So he told me to drop the charges and settle out of court . . . The only reason I did it was because he advised me to. Otherwise I wouldn't have."

Redick says she received a settlement of $3,000 from Cianci, half of which went to her attorney. Sometime between March 2, 1966, when Redick first alleged that she had been raped, and June 29, 1966, when River Hills police were advised that "the matter concerning one Vincent Cianci, Jr., has been resolved," Redick withdrew her complaint and a decision was made that Cianci would not be charged.

In his final report, Block noted that Milwaukee County District Attorney Hugh O'Connell felt that "due to lack of evidence, prosecution was almost impossible." Gerald P. Boyle, the assistant district attorney in charge of the case, recently explained that the decision not to prosecute was based on "the facts as I knew them."

"Those things are very, very difficult cases," Boyle noted. "At *best*, they're difficult."

He pointed out two obvious problem areas: The victim, presumably the star witness, settled out of court, and would therefore probably not be willing to testify; and, at that time, the results of lie detector tests were not admissible as evidence in Wisconsin.

Vincent Cianci graduated with the Class of 1966.

Cianci and the event were soon forgotten. But, eleven years later, the memories were unexpectedly resurrected. In 1977, a young reporter who had started out in Providence moved to Milwaukee, where she went to work for a local television station. There, she met Eisenberg, and, eventually, the subject of Cianci came up. "She told me all the things she knew about him," recalled Eisenberg. "So I mentioned a few things that *I* knew about him."

In November of last year, the TV reporter and Eisenberg paid a call on River Hills Police Chief Harold Block, who had worked on the case years before. According to Eisenberg, Block provided them with a copy of what they believed to be Cianci's complete police file. It was a damaging dossier: In it were a note from a Patrolman Richter to then-Chief Harry Wegner; a two-page statement signed by Redick; a two-page report signed by then-Lieutenant Block; a subsequent two-page report also signed by Block; seven pages of reports from the Wisconsin State Crime Laboratory; correspondence between Assistant District Attorney Boyle and Wegner; and a receipt for an Ortgies pistol. (There was no statement from Cianci in the file.)

When the editors returned from their meeting with Cianci, they shunted the story to a high-security section of the computer

After days of searching, Eisenberg and the reporter located the woman: The alleged victim was now a 32-year-old housewife living happily in a suburb of Milwaukee. The reporter phoned her and explained there was something "personal" she wanted to discuss. An hour later, the reporter and Eisenberg were at the front door of Gayle Redick's pleasant red brick ranch house.

"This was the first thing I showed her," the reporter said, pointing to a page from the 1966 Marquette yearbook, *hilltop*. "'We're here about this man, Cianci.' And she looked at that, and she started crying. And she said, 'I can't even look at him, I can't even ... Look how gross he is. Look... Yes, he's the one. He's the one.'"

Redick confirmed her rape charge against Cianci and discussed the $3,000 settlement.

"She said she wasn't strong enough to go through a court appearance," the reporter recalled. "She couldn't take it any more with the interrogators, so she settled out of court..."

Shaken by the interview, and by the reporter's hard-nosed techniques, Redick contacted the attorney who had represented her in 1966. He told her that he wanted no part of the matter and that he no longer even had his notes on the case, but he did phone

Add a lot of music to your life.

In just a little bit of space.

The Sansui GX-5 rack is the perfect way for you to enjoy the exciting world of high fidelity without crowding your living space. It's designed to hold a complete music system and still have room for your favorite records and tapes.

Sansui's GX-5 is functional and beautifully crafted too. Height adjustable clamps let you arrange your components most conveniently. You can move your sound system easily from place to place because the GX-5 stands on casters. And the 19" width lets you mount any standard rack mountable components.

Create your own special system by choosing from Sansui's full line of elegant black face units, AU amplifiers, SC cassette decks, SR turntables and TU tuners. Sansui also offers two complete lines of high quality loudspeakers and an exciting new mixer-with-reverb for complete creative recording control.

Be sure to visit your Sansui dealer today. Select the rack system that meets both your budget and listening needs; and add a lot of pleasure to your life.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Woodside, New York 11377
Gardena, California 90247

the reporter and advise her to drop the story. When she called Redick again, Redick hired a new attorney. Shortly thereafter, the new attorney was contacted by counsel for Cianci, who indicated that they knew Redick had spoken with Eisenberg and the reporter, and wanted to know what was happening. Redick's lawyer met with Cianci's, and addressed a letter to them in which he stated that his client had no complaint with the way in which the case was settled, nor did she have any further comment.

He also indicated that Eisenberg and the television reporter had obtained information from Redick by threatening and intimidating her, and, in a phone call to the reporter, threatened her with a lawsuit if the story were used.

By mid-December, her station had heard from Cianci's representatives; it became quite obvious that if the story were used, there would be a number of lawsuits. The assault was effective. The reporter, who had shared her findings with her old station in Providence, remained confident that the story would eventually be told, but both stations decided to pass.

This time, however, the story was not about to sink from sight. Anne Gaylor, a feminist who knew Eisenberg, brought the story to the attention of several friends in the media—at the wire services, the newsmagazines and the networks. All were leery but, finally, she found a receptive audience—Bert Wade, a reporter with the Accent/Focus section of the *Providence Journal*. A copy of the police file was sent to her.

"Those documents spread around the newsroom very quickly," a reporter with the paper noted. "There wasn't much security . . . so an awful lot of people read them."

Journal staffers were shocked by the details: Here was a major story in the form of a police file—the victim's statement, the lab reports, Block's comments on the alleged crime. The copy of the file, even if it were incomplete, seemed to represent a significant indictment of the mayor. The *Journal*, a prestigious paper with a reputation for aggressive reporting, decided to investigate.

Though Bert Wade (whose brother, incidentally, is G. William Miller, the new chairman of the Federal Reserve Board) was better known for her feature writing than for her news reporting, she was allowed to remain on the story. The paper teamed her with Randall Richard, a veteran investigative reporter. On January 18, the two flew to Milwaukee.

They met with the televison reporter, had dinner with Eisenberg, spoke to Block . . .

They also discovered that the police file that Block had copied for Eisenberg and the TV reporter (and that the *Journal* itself had copies of) was no longer available. "We were able to get verbal confirmation of some of those records, which [we were told] were expunged while we were there," Wade explained. "We spoke to Redick's attorney; they [the records] didn't disappear *per se*—they were legally required to be destroyed at the complainant's request—at her lawyer's request." (The police file may, in fact, have been sealed by the village attorney, and not destroyed.)

Redick has confirmed her account and says that she did receive a $3,000 payoff

The two reporters also called on Redick. "We visited her at her home, but she wouldn't let us inside," Wade said. "She seemed like a very upset woman, but pretty well pulled together considering the circumstances . . . There was nothing to indicate that she had anything to do with this being brought up again—she's sort of the second-time-around victim . . ."

For three days, Richard and Wade checked out leads and sources—the district attorney, the Milwaukee County medical examiner, the dean of Marquette Law School, Robert F. Boden.

By Friday, January 20, the material was well in hand. Richard and Wade wanted to do some additional checking, but their editors were concerned that the *Journal* might be scooped since the story had been fed to several Providence stations as well. Plans were laid to go with the story on Sunday—it would appear on page one.

On Saturday, using the offices of the *Milwaukee Journal* as temporary field headquarters, Richard and Wade began Telexing information to their paper. In Providence, Ron Winslow, an environmental specialist, would write the story; Doane Hulick, a city hall reporter, would obtain Cianci's response; and the *Journal*'s attorneys would carefully inspect the final product. It was a well-organized campaign.

At about noon, Winslow sat down at a typewriter console and, using the Xeroxed documents and the Telex material, began to punch a story into the typesetting computer. The lead would say that the mayor of Providence, while a law student at Marquette, had been accused of rape, that he had failed lie detector tests three times, and that the charges were dropped after an exchange of money.

An hour later, Hulick called from city hall and said that Cianci would not meet with him; instead, he wanted to speak with the publisher about "the conduct of a reporter during the investigation of a story." Eventually, a compromise was reached: Two editors and the paper's attorneys met with Cianci and his advisers. The meeting, in the mayor's office, lasted about an hour.

Cianci's team had obviously spoken with Dean Boden—at length. They recounted the conversation between Boden and Wade, claiming that Wade had raised some demonstrably false allegations against Cianci in order to coax information from Boden. Cianci's attorneys said that Wade's comments were clearly "slanderous," and indicated that she had malicious intent. Beyond that, Cianci's attorneys raised questions about the reliability of the paper's sources for the story. The editors were shaken by the accusations, their confidence in the strength of their own position was undermined.

When they returned to the newsroom at about 3 p.m., the editors told Winslow that a serious problem had come up, and that the story would not be running on Sunday. They gathered up all of his notes and shunted the story to a high-security section of the computer. Wade and Richard were recalled.

The story was effectively dead.

There were a few subsequent attempts to revive it—editors indicated that it was still in the works and, as late as April, Wade was saying, "It's waiting to happen . . ." But when the newspaper learned that the victim might not cooperate in the event of a lawsuit, the plug was pulled and the last rites reluctantly read. All that remained of the *Journal*'s efforts were a few bootlegged copies of the story, apparently finagled from the computer.

Some of the paper's editorial staffers were disturbed that the story hadn't run, and there was the inevitable newsroom grumbling—that the *Journal* was a Republican paper; that it had gone soft on investigative journalism; that its law firm was too conservative; that the editors were gutless—but it was all *pro forma*. No one really believed that the paper's politics or professional ethics had been compromised. Wade had made a tactical error, and the *Journal* was paying for it. (Wade was, in fact, briefly suspended because of the incident.)

"I think they had legitimate grounds for not doing the story," one reporter said. "They must have assumed that their chances of losing a substantial lawsuit were great enough—their risks were just so badly out of proportion—that it didn't make any sense."

Others were less forgiving. "I think we should have gone with it," a newsman averred. "They made the wrong decision for the right reason."

Officially, the paper would say nothing about its decision to scrap the story. James Wyman, metro managing editor and one of the editors who met with

Cianci, noted that "like any newspaper, we pursue lots of stories. Some of them we feel confident to go with, some of them we don't; and it's not unusual, certainly, to spend time with a story and not go with it. That's done day in and day out, week in and week out. As far as this particular story . . I have no comment, and the paper would have no comment . . . in any way, shape or form."

The decision had a significant ripple effect. The *Journal*, and to a lesser extent its sister paper, the *Evening Bulletin*, dominate news coverage in Rhode Island; other media not only rely on them for information but frequently assume their sensibilities as well. When the *Journal* dropped its story, it was an omen that other outlets could not easily ignore. Paul Giacobbe, a reporter investigating the rape charge for WJAR-TV, discovered that when he reached Cianci's Providence attorney.

"Basically, he pointed out that the newspaper and the other television station had decided not to go with the story," Giacobbe explained, "and said he was sure that any publication of it would be met by a lawsuit.

"We chatted about whether there wasn't a story in the documents—just the fact that they existed and were a matter of public record . . . and got into the matter of, 'Yeah, they existed *maybe* at one time, but they don't exist now, do they?' " (They may, in fact, still exist.)

"We have yet to make the final decision whether or not to do the story," Giacobbe said recently. "But it looks like we're leaning toward not doing the story . . . First of all, we're not really sure we have a lead to hang it on . . ."

Almost every newspaper, radio and television station in the city of Providence had heard the story, but not one of them would report it.

If, as it was once claimed, the entire matter was merely a shakedown, it was definitely of the nickle and dime variety: For the nominal sum of $3,000, Cianci had managed to buy his way out of a possible felony charge.

Unlike tryst-and-tell heroines Judith Exner and Elizabeth Ray, Redick hasn't attempted to capitalize on her experience. Since she was first caught off guard by Eisenberg and the television reporter, Redick has been reluctant to talk about the alleged rape. She has confirmed her account for several journalists and says that she did receive a $3,000 payoff, but doesn't want to discuss the details. The reticence seems borne not of moral doubt—"I have . . . daughters, and one day they're going to be 20," she said. "If a man did this to one of them, I wouldn't let him get away with it"—but rather of fear.

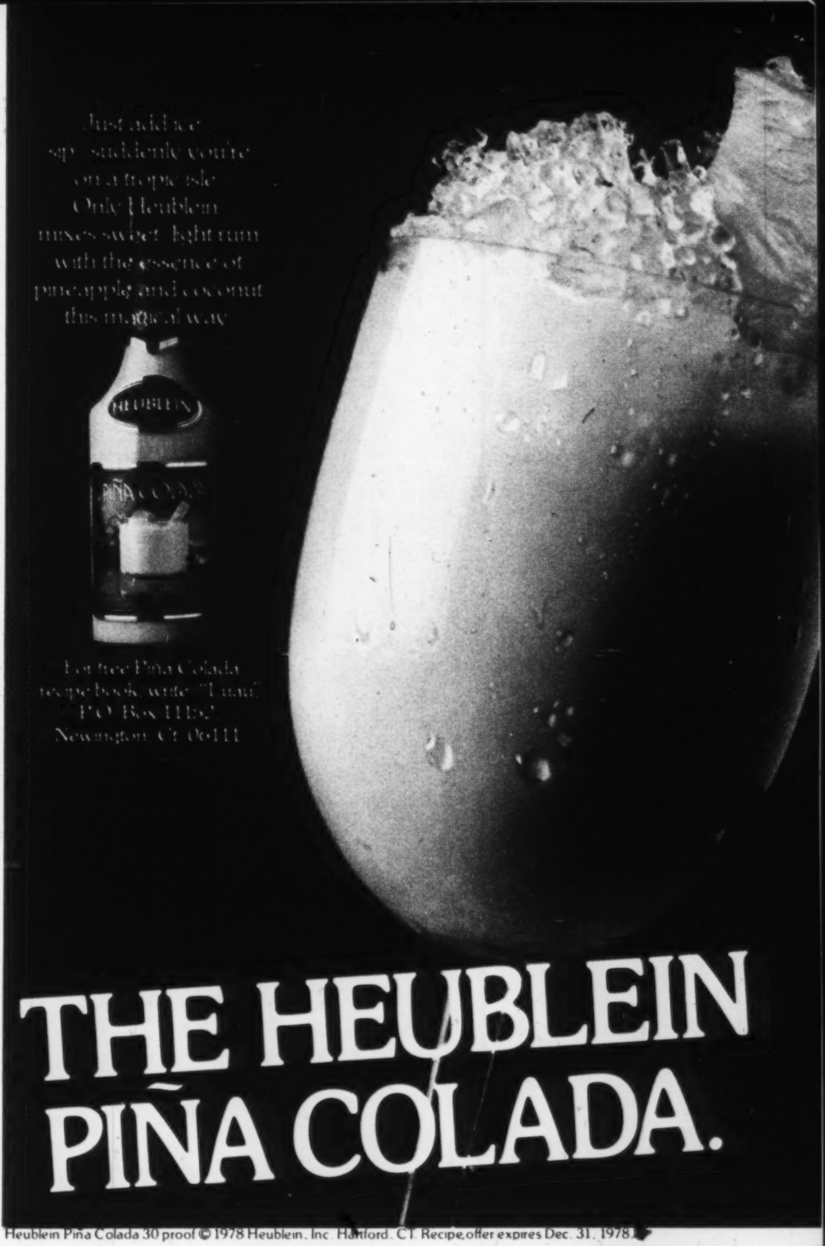
"What do I have to gain out of this? . . . This man is powerful; he's rich. I'm afraid that the first thing he'll do is come after us . . . We can't afford any more lawyers—we've already spent $400 just to have one tell us to shut up."

Her husband is even more adamant. "I don't care what is, and I don't care what ain't," he said. "All I want is for us to be left alone . . . I heard about this once before—before we were married—and I said, 'Okay, I don't want to hear about it any more.' And all I've done is hear about it ever since. First there were two reporters, and then there were two more . . .

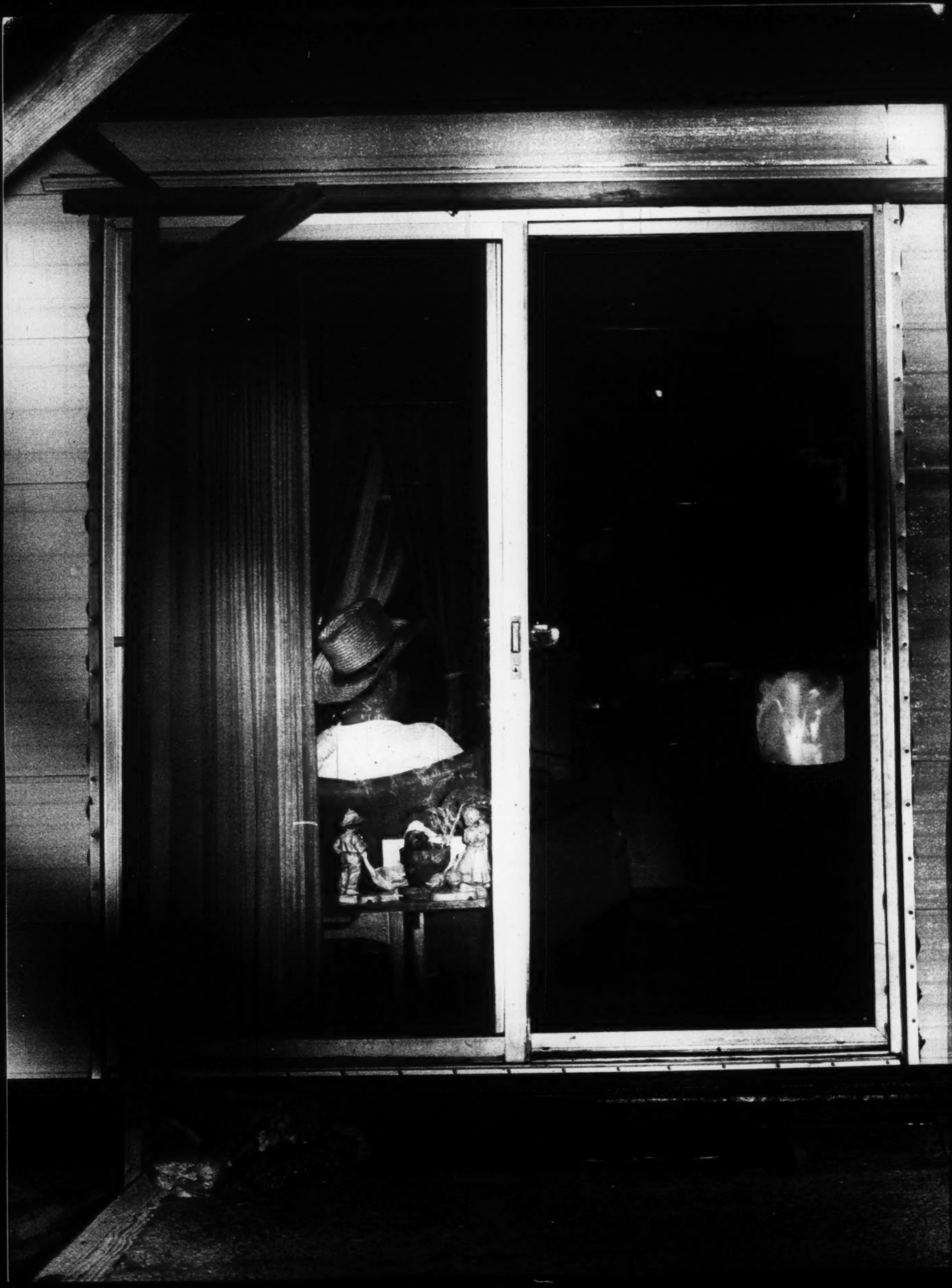
"This man is rich, and I don't fight people that are richer than me . . ."

The press is now busy pursuing fresher stories, and the 12-year-old rape charge has once again faded away. The Milwaukee television reporter has local crimes to cover on her beat; Wade is back writing for the *Journal*'s Accent/Focus section; and Eisenberg has just concluded another battle—a case involving a battered wife who was charged with murdering her husband and then setting their house on fire.

Still, the questions hang in the air. Rape at gunpoint is too serious a charge to ignore, even if the victim who leveled it has long since tried to forget. Cianci himself, who is clearly aware of the story that has been circulating around Providence, has tried privately to stop it, but not publicly to explain it. And so, we'd like to ask once and for all, and on the record: Mayor Cianci, what *did* transpire that morning of March 2, 1966? It is a question that should be answered, and certainly before the night of November 7, 1978. ●


Just add ice, sip, suddenly you're on a tropic isle. Only Heublein mixes sweet light rum with the essence of pineapple and coconut this magical way.
HEUBLEIN
PIÑA COLADA
For free Piña Colada recipe book, write "Luau," P.O. Box 11152, Newington, Ct 06111
THE HEUBLEIN PIÑA COLADA.

Heublein Piña Colada 30 proof © 1978 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, CT. Recipe offer expires Dec. 31, 1978.



INVASION OF THE MIND SNATCHERS

Before TV came to Essex, California, its citizens had never seen two people playing one guitar at the same time

by Charlie Haas

To get there from L.A. you drive east for about four hours, climbing out of the basin and into the high desert, a region of eccentric rock formations, long stretches of open flatness, recalcitrant soil and sunlight of a consistent and scouring brilliance. The towns are small and far apart. The air is clean, thin and very dry.

A sign on the Needles Freeway marks the exit to Essex. At the end of the off-ramp is a dusty paved strip, which lapses into disrepair a few miles before it ends, forming a right angle with a second, better-maintained road. At the crossroads there is a tiny Post Office building, and nearby, a half-dozen houses, several parked trailers and two gas stations.

One gas station turns out to be a sort of general store as well: Its office has a candy counter, a few shelves of food staples and housewares, and a refrigerator case full of beer and soft drinks. There are a few chairs, occupied this afternoon by three children of grade-school age and a man in his forties. A large woman with reddened skin tends the counter.

It is a slightly nervous situation here: the desert people, sullen in the extreme heat, silently eyeing the obvious stranger with a tape recorder under his arm. Tentatively, I tell the woman at the counter that I'm working on an article and would like to ask her a few questions. Before I can finish my request, she turns to one of the children and snaps, "Herb, you better get your dad on the radio and tell him to get down here." The boy goes behind the counter and begins talking into a CB radio.

The woman turns back to me and says, "You want to see my husband. He's *real good* at interviews."

It may seem strange that anyone should be good at interviews in an isolated desert town with a population of about 40—half of them children, the other half mostly retired people or employees of state agencies such as the Parks and Recreation Department or the California Department of Transportation, which houses a small, shifting contingent of highway maintenance workers and their families here.

But Essex is a little bit famous. Its notoriety is a creation of television—or, more accurately, the lack of television. For years, Essex has not been in the reception area of any TV station. The "town without television" has been a standby source of human-interest stories for daily newspapers and wire services, stories that invariably quoted the townspeople as saying that they didn't miss TV, that they read, gardened and conversed a lot, that their children were content and studious. Always worth a trip, Essex.

Then, on December 15, 1977, the National Broadcasting Company brought television to the town without television. Through the use of a device called a translator, all the programming of the NBC-TV station in Phoenix, Arizona, can now be seen in Essex.

Charlie Haas is the co-author of Mousepacks, *a movie now in production. He does not own a television set.*

Photograph by Rob Lewine

Heeere's Essex!: Doug Smith displays mementos of a night to remember

This puts a new wrinkle in your customary Essex story, especially since this last piece of television's nearly universal reach has fallen into place during a widespread reexamination of the medium's impact on individuals and society. In the past couple of years, books have been coming out, pressure groups forming; people have been saying some scary and inflammatory things about what TV does to intelligence, imagination and behavior. Two books in particular, Marie Winn's *The Plug-In Drug* and Jerry Mander's *Four Arguments for the* Elimination *of Television*, have upped the ante by skipping the usual examination of program content and presenting evidence of the physiological and social destructiveness of *all* television. Both books have provoked active and sometimes vitriolic debate; Mander's went into a third printing less than seven weeks after its March 1978 publication. There are tangible rumblings of a serious movement to abolish TV, which makes you wonder—if the people in Essex were as happy without TV as those stories said, maybe they're not watching it now that the translator's in. Maybe they could care less. It would certainly be an inspiration to all those people who see in TV a massive and unwholesome hegemony over thought, values and information, who characterize television addiction as a clinical disease and a surrender of human will. If those people are really ready to make a revolution, then this tiny California town, sticking by its books and hoes, could be their Lexington.

I drink a Pepsi and wait for the woman's husband to arrive. A few minutes later, he walks into the office, tall and thick-bellied in jeans, a workshirt and a cowboy hat—John Wayne without handsomeness. He speaks in a flat Okie accent: "Whatcha want?"

"I'd like to ask you some questions."

He nods. "Gonna cost you."

He picks up a tin can next to the cash register; it has a slot in its top and a hand-lettered label reading SCOUTS. "Donation to the Boy Scout fund," he says. "For their camping trips."

The man who has been sitting in the office giggles. I put a dollar in the can. The man holding it smiles, puts it down and introduces himself as Doug Smith, owner of one of the gas stations and four-year resident of Essex.

"You want to know about TV?" he says. "You oughtta ask Norm over there." He points to the man in the chair, who tries to wave the attention away. "Norm lives over with old Jack," Smith continues, "and they got TV. You watch a lot of TV over there, Norm?" Norm doesn't answer.

"No, see, I'll tell you, though," Smith says, "having TV hasn't made any change here at all. Everyone is just like they always was, except some of 'em have got TV, and the ones that don't have it are always lookin' at someone else's. That's all. You go over to whoever's gettin' the best reception. The one that's got it comin' in the best, that's the one you go visit, you know.

"And I'll tell you, it's helped business. We get people coming off the highway down here just 'cause they want to see Essex. It's helped our business a whole lot. All kinds of people. Flip Wilson stopped here yesterday—what was it, about 11:30 yesterday morning? Yeah, ol' Flip Wilson dropped in."

"Twelve-thirty," his wife says.

"He parked here next to the door," Doug says, "and I didn't know who it was, and he, you know, just walked out there, and I looked at him and I says, 'Hey, you ain't Flip Wilson, are ya?' And he says, 'I sure am,' and we talked a couple minutes and he autographed these pictures that we have here from the Johnny Carson show." He points to a few 8″x 10″ glossies taped to the wall above the refrigerator case. "'Bout a year ago, most of the people here in town went on the Johnny Carson show. We went on there 'cause of no TV, you know. I think the best thing that ever happened to this town is TV. I think it's beautiful. Everybody was happy to get it, you know. You look at old Norm here. Him and old Jack have been watchin' TV, their garden's not even in shape like it used to be."

"Too cold," Norm says softly.

"Nah, well, you blame it on that but, hey, it's that TV set, Norm. If you guys had gone out and worked like you did the last eight or ten years, it'd all be in by now. That might hurt ol' Jack's feelings, but that's the truth."

"Do you watch a lot of television?" I ask Norm.

"Please go over there and talk to Jack," he answers, almost whispering. "I'd rather he told you."

"Okay," says Doug. "We're gonna go over and talk to ol' Jack. But, now, Norm, I want you to drive us over there. Give us a ride over."

"Won't do it," Norm says, still brooding about the garden business. I go out-

Photograph by Rob Lewine

side and wait. Five minutes later, Doug comes out of the office alone.

"Norm won't drive us," he says. "We'll have to go in your car."

"Fine," I say. "Where is it?"

"Oh, right there," Doug says, and points at the house across the street.

So we drive about 100 feet, up to a front door guarded by an enormous red-wattled turkey. "That's Hard Rock," Doug says to me. "Howdy, Hard Rock. We're here to see ol' Jack." Hard Rock steps aside and we go in.

Ol' Jack, who moves, breathes and speaks with slow effort, greets us and goes back to rolling a cache of Bugler cigarettes.

"Ol' Chuck here wants to ask you about TV, Jack," Doug says. "How do you like them NBC shows? Are they good shows?"

"They're good shows," Jack says.

"NBC, that's number one as far as we're concerned," Doug says. "Wasn't for them, we wouldn't have TV at all."

"That thing on Martin Luther King," says Jack, "that was interesting." He finishes rolling the cigarettes, lights one and makes his way to a worn armchair beside an early RCA TV set. The rest of the room is taken up by gardening equipment, an ancient gas stove and a stack of paperback books, mostly detective novels, some of them yellow and crumbling. "See, that thing about King's supposed to be true. So, if it is true, then you really know what happened down there. Like that march into Selma, Alabama. I read about that in the papers, but I never saw it before.

"Now, before they put this thing in, if you had a TV, you could get the sound, but no picture. Except when an aircraft was going by—then you could get a perfect picture. The beams would bounce off it or something. So, whenever an airplane went by, you'd run to the TV and turn it on, and you'd have a picture for about 30 seconds. Then it'd go off again.

"But I still read a lot. Every two weeks the library comes through, and I take the same amount of books I always did. In the summertime I'll be off reading, 'cause I got all the gardening outside, don't have time for TV or books till evening. 'Course, summer's baseball time too, and I do like to see that. They can have football on, basketball, and I won't think anything about it. But baseball comes on and I sit right down, 'cause that's my favorite sport. I used to play a little baseball down in school, in Kentucky and Tennessee."

"Jack retired out here for his health," Doug says.

"I came out here about eight years ago," Jack says. "It wasn't too long, my blood pressure got normal. Threw away all my medicine. I wouldn't go back to one of them big towns if they paid me. It gets cold here at night, though. Last night I was up, oh, till Johnny Carson went off, and it was about 40 outside. We watch a lot of the Johnny Carson show here."

"Well, dadgummit," says Doug, "if it wasn't for him we wouldn't be havin' TV."

"Boy, it was good last night," Jack says. "Johnny Carson wasn't on, but they had that Roy Clark, I guess it was, replacin' him. He comes on every once in a while. And that Glen Campbell. It was a real good show, I'm telling you. I like that country music. And I never saw two people playing one guitar at once, but I saw it last night. See, Roy Clark had the guitar, and Glen Campbell got behind him and put his arms around Clark, and so one of 'em was playin' one part, and the other one was playin' the other. They're both good. I tell you one thing, that Roy Clark, he can make a guitar talk."

"How do you like them NBC shows?" Doug asks. "Are they good shows?" "They're good shows," Jack says

"I wish they had more news," says Doug. "I like to watch the news, find out what's goin' on. Nobody in town takes a paper. The only news you get is if somebody tells you they heard somethin' on the radio. We get KNX from L.A., K-Dawn from Vegas. But what I like mostly is I get up in the mornin' about 5:30, and I turn the TV on. Then, when I'm waitin' for the news, that *Flipper* comes on, and my kids—we live out in that trailer over there—they wake up and watch that *Flipper*. Which is a good movie, you know. After that comes the news. So the kids get to sit there and watch the *Flipper* movie while they're wakin' up, and then the news comes on and I get the weather and the whole bit, worldwide, what's goin' on. And it's really neat. We're kinda tuned in now, we can hear what's goin' on around the country, where before you'd hear it two or three days later from someone passin' through. You can hear about what the President's doin'—or not doin', mostly.

"But you do your thing all day, you come home at night, flick on that switch—it's good entertainment. All the shows, really, are good. And if you don't like it, you can switch the thing off and go to bed. I don't think there's anybody in this town that's controlled by TV. I know that happens to people, some places. Some people see a TV and they just get glued to it. I'd tell those people, dadgummit, if you haven't got enough gumption to go out and hoe some weeds, dig your garden, trim a tree, work on a car or whatever, get up there and flick that switch. That's all it takes.

"It's made a big change in this town, I think, havin' TV. The only ones that don't have TV right now are the ones that can't afford it. The rest of 'em's got it. Like old Jack and Norm here—it's an old TV, but it's a good one. They get better reception than I do. But it hasn't hurt the kids in this town at all. They've always known how to entertain themselves, see. They can be sitting' down in front of that TV, not movin' a muscle, and then get up and go out and play just like before. So, like I say, I don't think TV has really changed this town at all."

The present reconsideration of television takes its impetus in large part from Marie Winn's *The Plug-In Drug* published in 1977. A book primarily about the effect of television on children—its disruption of the natural relationship between brain hemispheres; its disastrous reduction of reading skills, attention span and the apprehension of reality—it also defines the essential problem of television watching:

"The very nature of the television experience, as opposed to the contents of the programs, is rarely considered . . . there is a similarity of experience about all television watching. Certain specific physiological mechanisms of the eyes, ears and brain respond to the stimuli emanating from the television screen regardless of the cognitive content of the programs. . . . It is the adverse effect of television viewing on the lives of so many people that defines it as a serious addiction. The television habit distorts the sense of time. It renders other experiences vague and curiously unreal while taking on a greater reality for itself. It weakens relationships by reducing and sometimes eliminating normal opportunities for talking, for communicating."

Harsh as Winn's analysis was, it seems mild in comparison to that advanced by Jerry Mander in *Four Arguments for the* Elimination *of Television*. Mander hits the medium from every angle—physiological (the deleterious effects of continually and unconsciously forming an image from the flickering dots of light on the screen), economic (television and advertising as partners in sustaining the grand illusion that acquisition is the key to personal happiness), political (television recreates people's understanding of life in a way ideally suited to dictatorial control). TV, he contends, is a technology with certain inherent biases, owing to its cost, its picture quality, the people who predominate in its hierarchy and its commercial use. "Violence is better TV than nonviolence . . . superficiality is easier than depth

Millions of Americans pay the price of high fidelity and don't get it.

This year, almost three million Americans will go out looking for high fidelity and come home with nifty little compact stereos.

Another four hundred thousand will put their hard earned money into massive fruitwood consoles.

And still others will spend almost $240 million on cheap "private label" components.

A lot of the money these people spend will be wasted. Mainly because they won't be getting the high fidelity they think they're paying for.

They'll be getting electronics that are often no better than what's in your kitchen radio.

And the pity is that for about the same money, they could have had the real thing.

What is high fidelity?

The minute you hear high fidelity, you'll know what it's all about.

Real high fidelity is an experience. It's hearing, and feeling music the way you've probably never heard or felt it before. The way you can usually only experience it at a live performance.

The only high fidelity equipment made today that can give you these experiences are separate brand name components. Separate turntables, receivers, speakers and tape decks, each designed to do its one job perfectly.

Each built by companies who

care about music. Like Pioneer.

You don't have to be an expert to buy it.

Just go to any reputable high fidelity dealer. A dealer who not only carries brands like Pioneer, but who also features a separate soundroom for you to sit back and really *listen* to the equipment.

Tell the salesman how much you want to spend, how big your room is, and what kind of music you usually listen to.

If he starts talking about ohms or microfarads, ask him to be quiet. You're not interested in hearing about ohms or microfarads. You're interested in hearing music.

Compare the sound of Pioneer's hi fi components to components made by any other quality hi fi company.

We think that you'll not only hear how incredible music can sound on good hi fi components in general, but that you'll also hear why Pioneer components, in particular, have become number one today with people who care about music.

And isn't that why you want to buy high fidelity equipment in the first place? Because you care about music?

HPM-100

High Fidelity Components

PIONEER®

We bring it back alive.

Pictured here is our SX 980 receiver, PL 518 turntable, and HPM 100 speakers.
For more details, write us.
©1978, U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074

. . . feelings of conflict, and their embodiment in actions, work better on television than feelings of agreement and their embodiment in calm and unity . . . competition is inherently more televisable than cooperation . . . materialism, acquisitiveness and ambition . . . work better than spirituality, nonseeking, openness and yielding. The medium cannot deal with ambiguity, subtlety or diversity . . ."

I was thinking about Mander's book as I sat in Essex and watched ol' Jack turn on the ancient RCA, producing a watery gray image of a parade moving through city streets. I had just listened to Doug Smith say, in the course of one minute, that television had "made a big change in this town" and "hasn't really changed this town at all."

What is weird is that both statements are true. Television has changed Essex: There are new topics of conversation, new patterns of time use, an exponential jump in the amount of outside information received by the people there.

But at the same time, television has not made much of a change, because nobody feels, thinks or acts any differently. It has been as violent a cultural wrench as, say, the introduction of a new brand of tomato sauce at Doug's store. Television has integrated itself, seamlessly, into everyone's routine, as if it had been there all along—because, in a sense, it had. Even in its absence, it was a central preoccupation and the reason for the town's minor degree of celebrity. Essex was "without" television in the sense that you couldn't watch it there unless a low-flying aircraft was overhead. But the town talked about, thought about and on various occasions *was* about television—which is a funny way to be "without" something.

Is it really possible to be without television in a culture where television is *it*, where the catch phrases of its characters and commercials are conversational essentials, where there are Johnny Carson suits, Suzanne Somers posters and *Happy Days* lunch boxes? How do you live outside the atmosphere?

I called Jerry Mander the other night. He's an ex-advertising man living in San Francisco, a pleasant, rapid-fire talker. I asked him about living without TV.

"I think you're better off without it," he said, "because you can keep your own sanity a little bit better if you don't have television blaring its images into you all the time. At least you have your own images. But it's true that the images that surround you, in any event, are more and more television images, and that people's minds are more and more working according to television rhythms. They're into a speedy, along-the-top kind of mental conception, a way of thinking about the world, the kinds of demands they make in relationships—people are turning into television. The environment is turning into television."

It is dark by the time I leave ol' Jack's house and drop Doug back at his gas station. I park a few yards down the road and walk into the roadside lot filled with trailers and mobile homes. There are suppertime lights on in most of them. Through the glass door of one, I see the yellowish light of an old TV set, and the silhouettes of three people sitting around it. I knock on the door.

"Everyone is just like they always was, except some of 'em have got TV, and the ones that don't have it are always lookin' at someone else's"

Inside the trailer, the furniture is arranged efficiently, everything pointed lengthwise. A couch faces the TV set, which is displaying the same distant parade that was on at Jack's house, and continues to do so throughout my visit. The occupants are Jerry and Virginia, a middle-aged couple, and their ten-year-old daughter Gloria. Jerry works in Mitchell Cavern for the Department of Parks and Recreation. Virginia works in the cafeteria at the local school, where one teacher is responsible for 19 children ranging from kindergarteners to eighth graders. Their TV set had been discarded a couple of years ago by a family who had just moved to Essex. It sat outside until the translator was put in, and it's weathered—but it works.

In fact, it works a lot. "It's on all the time," Jerry says.

"Not that we watch it all the time," Virginia says.

"I usually watch just the game programs," Gloria says.

"The only difference it's made, as far as I can see," Jerry says, "is that you'll go over to see a neighbor and he'll be watching TV, where before he wasn't. But with just the one channel, it's not like it would be with a whole selection. Like me, if I'm watchin' something I don't like, I turn it off and go do somethin' else. I don't like a lot of these murder things, this violent stuff. What I really enjoy is your comedy, your travelogues and the news."

Virginia says, "I like to watch—what is it?"

"*Knockout*," Gloria says.

"Yeah," Virginia says, "*Knockout*. In the morning, before she goes to school."

"And *The Wheel of Fortune*," Gloria says.

"We can answer those questions on those shows, if you want to know the truth," Virginia says.

"I get my education before I go to school," Gloria says.

"You see," says Jerry, "the thing of it is—on this channel, they got some pretty good shows. Like *Grizzly Adams* . . ."

Gloria says, "And *James at 15*. After that, there's . . ."

"It's *James at 16* now," Virginia says.

"Yeah," Gloria says, "and *The Class of '65*. That's all I watch, mostly."

"Long as somebody's in here, it'll usually be turned on," Jerry says.

"I could do without it, to tell you the truth," Virginia says. "I enjoy reading too. My neighbors have books, we loan them to each other."

"I'm a reader myself," Jerry says. "The thing of it is, you don't change anybody in just a little while. If you've always been in the habit of reading a lot, you'll stay that way, at least at first. But then after a while, you'll start to lean away from reading and go a little more the other way."

"Some of the television is trash, you want to know the truth," Virginia says. "I go in the bedroom and read."

"What I really don't like," says Jerry, "is they'll put this stuff on, like say there's a bunch of kids on there in school, doing a bunch of destructive things. Well, you take a kid around here, they don't even know nothin' about that kind of stuff. If they see it, then they can do it. But if they never see it, they don't even know how to do it."

I ask Gloria if she ever wishes that her school was like the schools kids go to on television.

"Uh *uh*," she says. "At our school, we don't go around pulling *knives* on each other all the time."

"We wouldn't tolerate that around here, anyway," Jerry says.

Mary Howard, who has lived in the high desert all her life, now teaches the 19 children at Essex's school.

"I don't think TV has made much of a change in the children," she says. "I mean, it's changed their conversation a little, because they talk about what they saw the night before, but they still play, when it's light out. As long as it's daylight, you look outside, you'll see kids riding bikes around and everything. Maybe later we'll start to see some change, some effect that it's had on them, but so far there doesn't seem to be any. I remember the day after they saw that *Holocaust* show, they were all asking each other, 'Did you see that, where they lined all those people up and shot them?' They were all talking about that thing of all the people getting shot. Maybe it'll have some effect on them sooner or later. We'll have to see."●

General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.C. 80 proof

RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN RUM
BOTTLED IN PUERTO RICO
EXTRA DRY · WHITE
RONRICO
PUERTO RI
RUM
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
RONRICO RUM COMPANY
CAMUY, PUERTO RICO · 80 PROOF

Meet Ronrico of Puerto Rico.

Who is he?

He's the descendant of 6 generations of Puerto Rican rum-masters (since 1860).

And he's no ordinary rum.

He's smooth. Light in manner. A good mixer. And — more.

Down deep, inside, where it counts, Ronrico has character. A fineness. The result of decades of distilling — and perfecting.

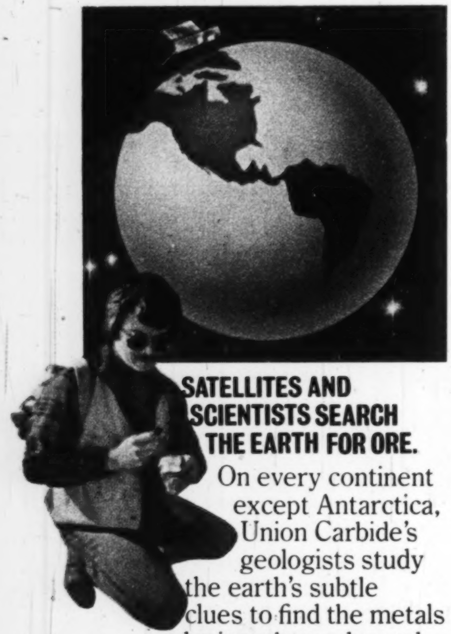
So for authentic rum of Puerto Rico, get to know Ronrico.

A well-bred fellow.

YOU SEE ROCKS.

UNION CARBIDE SEES

The earth is rich in ores and minerals, like the rocks above–but not so rich we can use them recklessly. That's why Union Carbide does more than mine, process and sell metal alloys. Finding new ways to stretch these precious natural resources, through imagination and responsible technology, is the most important thing we do.



SATELLITES AND SCIENTISTS SEARCH THE EARTH FOR ORE.

On every continent except Antarctica, Union Carbide's geologists study the earth's subtle clues to find the metals and minerals we depend on. With the aid of picture-taking satellites, Union Carbide is searching for new sources of manganese, chromium, uranium, tungsten, silicon, vanadium, and asbestos.

CHROMIUM ALLOYS TO MAKE STEEL "STAINLESS."

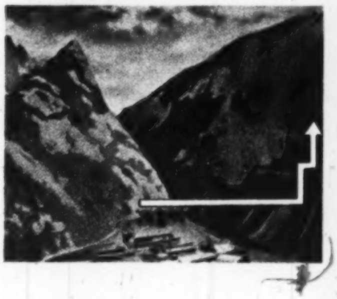
Nature never thought of stainless steel; technology created it, and it's almost everywhere. It resists corrosion in chemical plants. It's used wherever food is professionally prepared. And for hospital use, it's easy to sterilize. Union Carbide's chromium alloys are used to make steel stainless.

MANGANESE. IT MAKES TOUGH STEEL THAT GETS TOUGHER WITH USE.

Every time the teeth of this power shovel bite into the earth, the steel in them gets tougher than it was before. Union Carbide provides the manganese alloys that make it happen. In fact, you can't make *any* steel without manganese.

TUNGSTEN. IT'S SO HARD TO REACH THAT WE MINE A MOUNTAIN UPSIDE DOWN.

To reach a deposit of tungsten buried in the top of a California mountain, Union Carbide bores up from the bottom. A pound of it makes the filaments for 23,000 light bulbs. And tungsten carbide is vital for machining metals and drilling wells.



VANADINITE (VANADIUM), SCHEELITE (TUNGSTEN),
CARNOTITE (URANIUM)

MORE...

URANIUM TO MAKE RADIOISOTOPES, AND TECHNOLOGY THAT USES THEM TO HELP DIAGNOSE ILLNESS.

Uranium is known chiefly as a source of power. But the atom's energy has provided a tremendous bonus: the new science of nuclear medicine. Nearly one out of every three hospital patients has been helped by radioisotopes, often in diagnostic tests. Union Carbide mines and processes uranium ore. Then, in our own reactor, we produce the isotopes doctors use to help diagnose illnesses. But our contributions to nuclear medicine include advanced technology as well as raw materials; for instance, we have developed imagers and body scanners that let the doctor see what's happening functionally inside your body.

ALUMINUM: HOW TO MAKE A SOFT METAL WORK HARD.

Wonderful metal, aluminum. Light. Easy to work with. Resists corrosion. But in its pure state (for instance, aluminum foil), it's so soft it bends to the contours of a cauliflower. The addition of Union Carbide manganese stiffens aluminum, to make long-lasting porch furniture and aluminum siding.

UNION
CARBIDE

WORKING WITH NATURE TODAY,
FOR THE RESOURCES WE'LL NEED TOMORROW.

Union Carbide Corporation • 270 Park Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10017

Free Premium Guide
Columbus Alive
Cinema II
Sports
Cinema III

BRAVE NEW WORLD OF TELEVISION

Columbus discovers Qube

by Jonathan Black

Mike Dann had been through the wars. As CBS programming chief he had created some of the network's most estimable, prestigious hits—from the *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* to *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*—and also had sunk to such mindless, embarrassing pap as *Hee Haw*. In 1971, his conscience tucked under his arm and his rating computer left behind in his desk drawer, Mike Dann took a deep breath and departed commercial TV for the Children's Television Workshop.

So what, you ask, is Mike Dann doing several years later in a very posh corner office on the 27th floor of Warner Communications, Inc.—one of the country's largest, richest, most *commercial* entertainment conglomerates? He is coaching a brain-trust of young men and women hired to study the long, thin object Dann has laid out on the 30-foot polished-wood conference table. It is a one inch thick air-filled aluminum-sheathed coaxial cable that costs about $1 a foot. More important, it has what the cable industry calls "upstream capability." Which means it's two-way. To learn to exploit this awesome wire, Mike Dann has ordered the hand-picked crew to scrupulously study the beast before them. "Because," says Mike Dann, "this is not just FM radio after AM radio. This isn't 33⅓ versus 45 RPM. This isn't color versus black-and-white. This isn't even cable TV versus conventional TV. What you see before you is . . . a whole *new utility*!"

And so it came to pass that on December 1, 1977, Warner Communications inaugurated Qube. And just as Columbus, Ohio, was the first U.S. metropolis to enjoy square milk bottles and push-button banking, so upwards of 20,000 Columbus citizens were soon shelling out a $19.95 installation charge ($9.95 for those who were already plugged in to Warners' one-way cable) plus $10.95 monthly to become the ultimate wired society, the lucky recipients of the world's first and boldest ultra-sophisticated, ultra-expensive two-way cable TV system.

And Mike Dann was happy again.

Qube Roots

It is held gently in the hand, a mere eight ounces, measuring 6″x7″x2½″—about the size of a large paperback. It is the Qube "console." It has three columns: a yellow "P" for "premium" (or "pay"); a green "C" for "community"; and a blue "T" for "television" (regular channels from Columbus and other Ohio cities). Ten rows afford 30 choices, which is how many channels you get on Qube. As the slick, very glossy promo brochure boasts: "Enter . . . the infinite, unfolding, never-ending worlds of entertainment and knowledge." It does not entirely exaggerate: "P" programming ranges from nightclub tours of Paris to backgammon courses, from first-run movies to gamier P-10 ("adult") fare like *The Super Vixens*.

But to fully grasp the Columbian Connection you must follow the 25-foot wire across your carpet to the TV set, past the small black box (the in-house computerized terminal) behind the set, through the wall, into the street, then over utility poles or underground for miles and miles across Columbus till you reach Qube's Olentangy River Road complex. Recently a giant washer-dryer warehouse, it is now a labyrinth of expensive studios and offices in the midst of which, in climate-controlled isolation and secluded behind closely guarded, double-sealed doors, is the Data General monster. Data General's "Eclipse" may not be the world's most complex computer system, but it *is* the most elaborate ever hooked—or, as Qube folks like to say, "married"—to a cable TV network. Every six seconds this technological wizard sweeps its universe, asking its sets three questions: 1) Are you functioning properly? 2) What channel are you

---

Jonathan Black last reported for New Times *on Migma Man.*

Photograph by Ryszard Horowitz; hair by Robert Cota; wigs from Universal Hair Pieces

tuned to? 3) Which "response" button are you touching? The first two questions alone provoke rather mind-boggling possibilities. Suddenly obsolete are the cumbersome, delayed and questionably accurate Nielsen and Arbitron ratings. Qube executives get instant precision data on viewing patterns—not every 15 minutes but *every six seconds*. In addition, Data General's "sweep 'n bill" capability makes Qube the first major, lavishly funded experiment in Pay Per View TV (versus a monthly subscription package, like that provided by Home Box Office). At HBO, chairman Gerald Levin dismisses Pay Per View's future, believing that the TV viewer is too habituated to "pre-digested" material to opt for a confusing, troublesome $2.50 decision each time he wants premium movies. Predictably, the folks at Qube dispute Levin's assessment and intend to alter radically the TV viewer's view of the light that comes from his living room screen.

However, no one can deny the Qube computer's true revolutionary capability, which lies in its talent for reading a column of five black "response" buttons located on the right side of the Qube console. These buttons, too, are swept and tabulated every six seconds and constitute Qube's instant "talk-back" facility. A question is flashed on the screen followed by five possible answers; or buttons #1 and #2 can serve as "yes" and "no" replies. Finally Mr. Columbus can talk back to his TV. Mr. Columbus could (and did) "vote" on Mayor Tom Moody's snow removal job, bid for a golf club auctioned by Governor James A. Rhodes, book a table for Mother's Day at the ever-popular Jai Alai Restaurant, register his opinion of his newscaster's haircut, and name a baby.

And all this—as they are fond of saying at Qube—is just the beginning.

Instant Analysis

They call it touching in. When a response is requested, the words "touch now" flash at the bottom of the screen. Qube uses the word "touch" presumably to emphasize the effortless ease of command. In fact, the buttons require something closer to a gentle "press"—a pressure at least as firm as that required for a pocket calculator or touch-tone phone (and not *quite* so effortless as heat-sensitive elevator buttons).

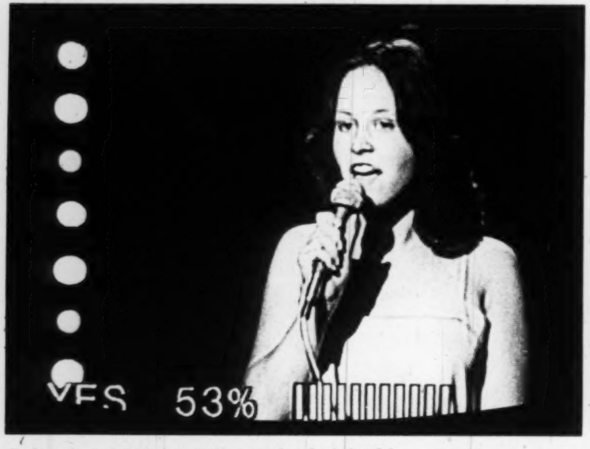
One favorite target of touching in is Qube's unique $1 million studio constructed in the Westland Mall shopping center. There Robb Weller, host of the afternoon variety show *Celebration*, is today interviewing author and sex therapist Dr. Robert Kaufmann, who has flown in from his home in Pasadena, California, for the occasion. At the moment, Dr. Kaufmann is reading one of nearly 1,000 questions from his book *Better Sex, Better Marriage*. (The book—actually *three* very thick tomes, "His" and "Hers" volumes and a counseling manual—is comprised almost entirely of questions, because Dr. Kaufmann feels communication and not slick, simplistic *answers* holds the key to better sex.) "The average woman," reads Dr. Kaufmann, "considers her husband/mate's penis: 1) small 2) average 3) large 4) don't know." Immediately the options appear superimposed on the screen, the "touch now" flashes and, six seconds later, Data General relays the reassuring fact that only 12 percent of Columbus' women admit to being disappointed with the size of their mate's organ.

If Dr. Kaufmann is a California drop-in, the rest of *Celebration* is purely local, beginning with Weller's next guest, the *amazing*, the one and only, the proud possessor of Columbus' most cavernous cleavage . . . Morgana Cantrell! Known as the Kissing Bandit in commemoration of the time she leaped from the stands at Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati and pasted a kiss on Pete Rose (she has since nabbed eight more major leaguers), Morgana fondly describes her bras—"pillowcases with ropes"—which shore up an unofficial 45 Double-I cup. The Westland Mall walkway between Sears and K-Mart abruptly fills with gawking wide-eyed teenagers munching on chili dogs and sucking on Orange Juliuses. The crowd thins somewhat with Weller's next guest, a stocky, elderly lady who has come to Westland to announce a pulmonary resuscitation demonstration at Saturday's annual Franklinton "Bring Your Own Picnic and Tetherball Party."

Death to the Dial

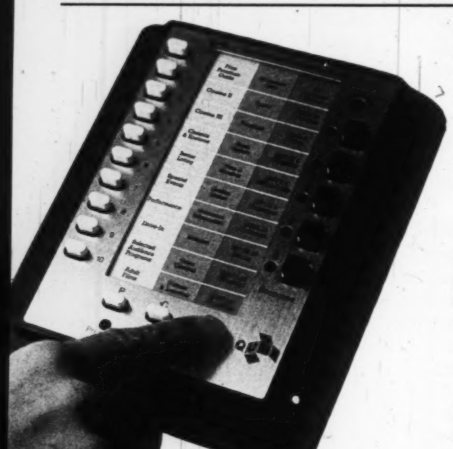
The conventional TV dial is a cumbersome, sticky device. Add on the cable box and you've increased channel selection—but are still left with the same inhibiting appliance: the knob.

The knob carries with it preordained structure and influences viewing habits. The mind, for instance, is invariably "anchored" around the three prime network channels: CBS, NBC and ABC. In

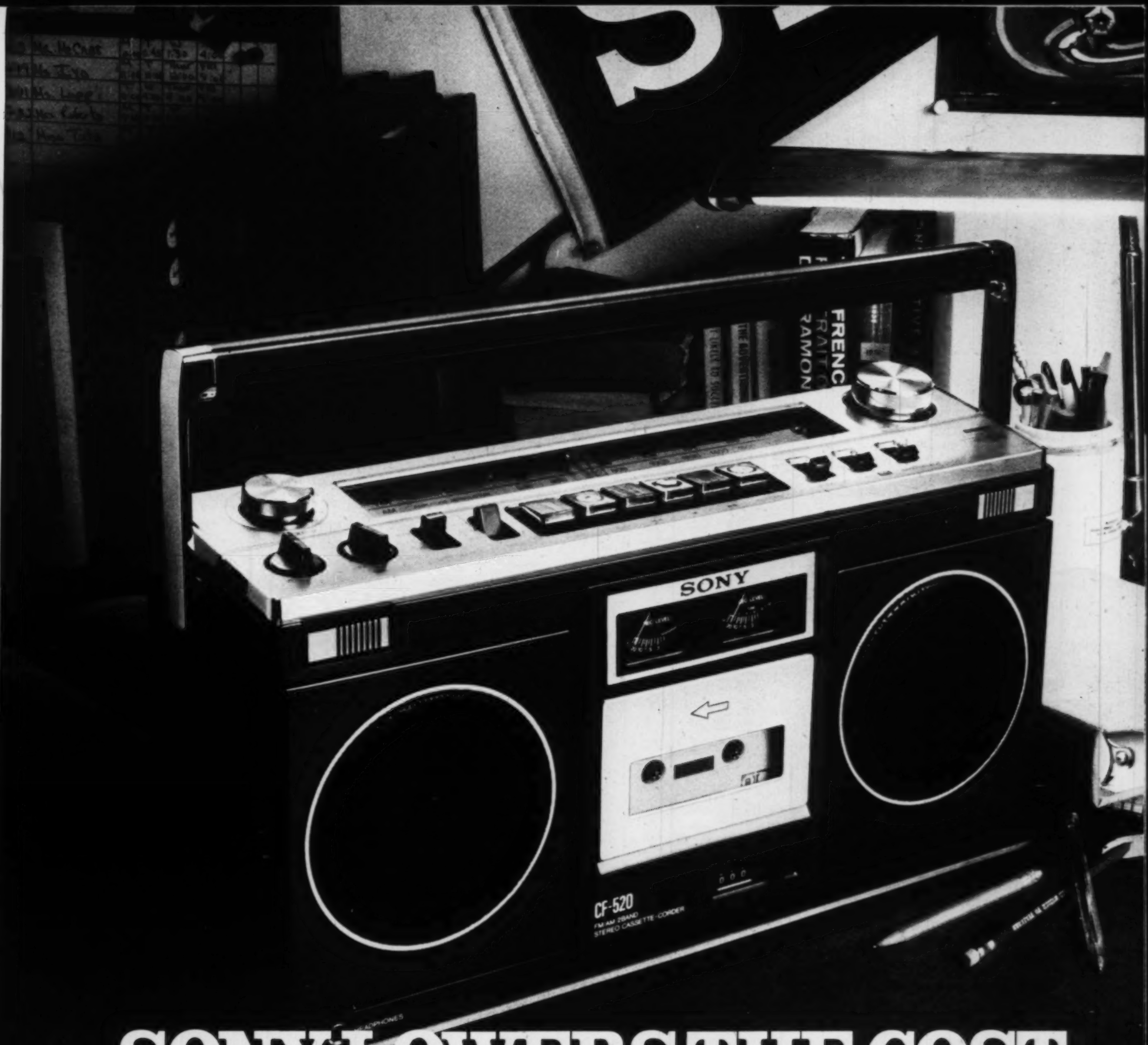


Columbus 2-Night: At least she finished her song

Blind Ambition: Dean with Goldwater, a Columbus star



Photographs courtesy of Warner Cable Qube



SONY LOWERS THE COST OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Giving kids a good education these days can cost a small fortune.

But giving them a good sound system to enjoy while they're away no longer has to.

Sony's new CF-520 stereo cassette recorder and FM/AM radio has all the features of systems costing hundreds of dollars more.

Extremely sensitive FM and AM tuning that'll pick up all their favorite stations while they take a break from their least favorite subjects.

An easy one-touch system that not only records notes like this (♩♫♩) but also notes like this ("the final exam will cover…").

A 2-position tape selector switch for both normal and chromium dioxide (CrO_2 to chemistry majors) tapes.

And a unique Matrix stereo speaker system that can turn the quietest dormitory into the liveliest concert hall.

The new CF-520 from Sony.

"ITS A SONY."®

MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED LIST PRICE. ©1978 SONY CORP. OF AMERICA, SONY, 9 W. 57TH ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10019. SONY IS A TRADEMARK OF SONY CORP.

us
TV's Hulk
Bill Bixby & everyman's mean, green champion
60¢
KRISTOFFERSON: IS 'CONVOY' HIS LAST MOVIE?
HOW TO FIGHT INFLATIONITIS
LESBIAN SENATOR?
us
DOLLY PARTON: 'THIS DUMB BLONDE AIN'T NOBODY'S FOOL'
JOHN WAYNE, THE LAST COWBOY
Nick Benedict, daytime TV's Robert Redford

Covers by the Columbus Collective: Imagine the losers

New York City these channels are 2, 4 and 7 respectively. In between these channels there's a perceptible drop in "value." As you round 7 and head for the higher numbers (to the oasis of 13—PBS), the drop in value grows more emphatic and permanent. And after 13 yawns the vast alphabetized desert of cable letters until—in the midst of the "quagmire of Channel M," as Qube programming vice president Harlan Kleiman puts it—channel 2 beckons again.

Qube is different. There is no dial. In its place is the Chinese-menu mode of selection, a calculator-type box. Button-operated, all 30 channels enjoy equal "weight" and so dispense with the familiar supremacy of network anchoring position. And not only do buttons make all channels equally accessible all the time, but the box encourages jumping around. No fear that to get from 2 to 11 you'll be subjected (even subliminally) to all the offensive, distracting fare in between. And once you've arrived at Channel 11, the return trip to 2 will prove just as effortless. The Qube console is hopscotch land.

"We're bambambam," says Kleiman. "You jump around. You bounce. You *play* Qube."

With the elimination of knob-inertia, Qube's audience is more likely to abandon a program they find dull or distasteful. Data General, for instance, has virtually determined the precise point-spread for Ohio State basketball games at which viewers will switch to a *Kojak* rerun.

It's Alive

Leave it to Flippo. While Warner's and the news media were going gaga over Qube's awesome two-way capability, Flippo pointed out the obvious corollary: "We do more live television than any other station in the country. It's like the old days, when television was just getting started."

Flippo knows whereof he speaks. Before being lured to Qube, the guy with the floppy slippers and bright red Ping Pong ball glued to his nose was Ohio's most celebrated clown—a 26-year veteran of commercial Columbus. Of Qube's seven-hour daily live line-up, Flippo's own show—*Flippo's Magic Circus*—is without doubt the most chaotic, frantic, insane 45 minutes. Produced by the son of the man who developed *Concentration*, *Flippo's Magic Circus* divides the nippers into red and gold teams and then pits the kiddie viewing audience against the oft-unruly brats in the studio in a variety of staff-concocted games. So arcane are the game's scoring schemes, however, that Flippo's staff is invariably rushing around the studio, hysterically flashing cue cards while poor mystified Flippo is barely able to keep peace.

A somewhat calmer mood prevails in the adjacent studio, home of *Columbus Then and Now*, a leisurely hour-long cornucopia of Columbus lore with generous servings of nostalgia and ragtime piano. Today, "award-winning" local historian Vera Jean Trot is dispensing genuine Buckeye candies (peanut butter balls dropped in melted chocolate, made by her son) while quizzing the Qube audience: "Now we all *know* Ohio is known as the Mother of Presidents. *Who* can name the last of the Log Cabin Presidents from Ohio?"

Shortly after Data General relays the bulletin that 28 percent correctly identified Garfield, Columbus is back *Then* watching a grainy black-and-white tape of *You Bet Your Life* with the one and only . . . Groucho! First contestants today (circa 1958) are a sink removal specialist and a yoga teacher. Pitted against them (circa 1978), randomly selected by Qube's computer from Columbus citizens who previously touched in, and now on the phone is . . . Edna. Who says she's a Sunday school teacher. "In the *Genesis* account of creation," asks Groucho, "on what day was the land made?" Stop the 1958 tape. Edna pauses, she mumbles, she pauses, she says: "On the *tenth* day?" Gasps and giggles in the studio. The tape rolls and the sink removal specialist correctly names the third day. "Don't worry, Edna, we won't tell your Sunday school class," assures host Bert Haney as Edna proceeds to flub three more biblical queries. But Haney's following contestant is more successful: She out-duels Groucho's next guest, an optician with 11 children, and wins two $5 gift certificates to Seva Longevity Cookery.

While the Groucho game is greeted by the staff with exultant cheers of "super use of the computer!" Qube has, in fact, just begun to show off its game capability—one of its earliest, most glittery promises. Qube recently passed a successful test for *inter*-viewer games, and soon individual subscribers will be able to play against each other. Edna can redeem herself and match wits against another Sunday school teacher cross-town. Communities can be pitted against communities. Upper Arlington can tackle Grove City. Street can play street. Quizzes can be answered in conventional true-false, in multiple-choice format, or with a dizzying variety of five-button permutations.

Even Warner Cable's chief executive and chairman, Gustave M. Hauser, gushes, "It's just a lot of *fun*!"

Suzy Qube

The undisputed showpiece of Qube's live programming is *Columbus Alive*, aired from 6 to 8 p.m. from a cozy, meticulously designed living room set whose main feature (aside from the small but deadly poisonous lion-fish in the seawater aquarium) is a giant plate-glass window that overlooks Olentangy River Road. Blueprinted from NBC's original 49th Street-windowed *Today* set (which Mike Dann helped concoct), *Columbus Alive* is Dann's pet, and more than any other show makes frequent—sometimes incessant—use of the two-way console. For instance, producer and co-host Ron Giles, a pudgy, bald genial man who distinctly resembles Dom DeLuise, recently modeled assorted toupees to snazz up his image. The polled audience touched in with a resounding "No!" casting a decisive vote against those plasticized, pretty-face network newscasters whom everyone at Qube likes to scorn as "talking heads." *Columbus Alive* also has co-host Susan Goldwater, the tall, shapely blond who recently separated from Representative Barry Goldwater, Jr., took a few acting lessons, then packed her trunk and moved to Columbus, where she has enticed celebrities like

Seven & Seven.
Great taste you can count on.

Put the great taste of Seagram's 7 and 7-Up together, and you've got a classic: Seagram's 7 & 7. Just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass and fill with 7-Up. Great taste you can count on!

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

Warner's Central: "What we have here is an electronic superhighway"

John Dean to play Data General. (Dean was interested to find that 53 percent of the Qube viewers watching would jump at the chance to have dinner at Casa Pacifica with Richard Nixon.) Goldwater herself has polled the audience on her changing hairstyles (when the long blond hair was snipped and fluffed, only 49 percent gave the frizz the green light) and has had her prominent single status made the subject of a running nudge in the ribs between Qube's audience and Giles, who is forever polling viewers on the source of Susan's lapel flower, a new dress or the chic antique ring that she feebly described as "my grandmother's heirloom" (few at Qubeside swallowed *that* line).

A still weightier question was resolved by touch-in when, in the midst of the brutal Columbus winter, a studio security guard happened to notice a dead cat atop a snowdrift outside. The cat, it turned out, was merely unconscious, and it was soon revived, fed and—because of a strict "No Pets" policy at the studio—was duly deposited whence she came. Here the tale grows apocryphal, though it is probably only a metaphor for the seemingly *missionary* devotion the Warner's staff feels toward Qube. The cat couldn't keep away from Qube; she climbed a tree, crawled through a ceiling hole, and soon distinct *prrrs* were heard from above during *Columbus Alive* broadcasts. The animal was promptly extricated and made resident Pet on Set. Her yawns were lovingly photographed, her eating habits discussed. When she developed frostbite and chest congestion, the staff paid for vet bills. But what to name her? Naturally, in the land of Qube, such questions get the coaxial treatment. The audience narrowed eighty names to four, and eventually the cat was dubbed Suzy Qube. "Not the name *I* would have chosen," concedes Giles. "But the people have spoken."

Naturally, such hijinks are just one end of the polling spectrum. Qube execs eagerly await the daring politician who will make a statement and then ask his audience: "How many of you *believed* what I just said?"

Then, too, they are wary of getting carried away to the point of obsession with their wonderful new toy. (Or, in official Qube-ese, the "interactive mode.") "We have to be careful not to exploit it," warns Kleiman. "There's a bell curve of interest. We have to be careful of reaching that point where the viewer says, 'We'll pay you anything but please, *please* don't ask our *opinion* any more!'"

Of Gypsies and Wonkles

Exemplifying the extravagant money and talent Warner's lavished on Qube is *Pinwheel*, the world's first channel devoted exclusively to preschoolers. The action centers on a quaint Victorian rooming house run by the gorgeous gypsy Aurelia and inhabited by assorted lovable eccentrics ranging from resident misanthrope Ebenezer Squint to the Wonkles, who live in Franci the puppet's terrarium. *Pinwheel* is in fact a 125-hour loop featuring music, poetry, games, songs and animations—all presented in three-to-six-minute self-contained "modules" geared to a preschooler's limited attention span.

Dr. Vivian Horner, who left the prestigious Children's Television Workshop to join Qube, stresses there's neither violence nor commercial interruption in *Pinwheel*. No lurking Count Chocula, no assaultive Saturday morning cartoons and none of what Horner terms the "hype from *Sesame Street*, [which] is a string of commercials. Only instead of selling you products they sell you numbers and triangles." In contrast, Aurelia likes the words "soft, easy, fuzzy and gentle." So does Horner, who rejected the notion that kids had to be kept glued to their set with lots of slam-bang action—a necessary corollary of commercially sponsored TV. "Our intention," she says, "was *not* to keep kids glued to the set."

Big Brother

Determined to give Columbus the ultimate in variety, the considerate folks at Qube provided channel P-10. In this case, "P" stands for porn.

Qube subscribers can skip all fleshy temptations by prerequesting "snow" instead of porn on P-10 and are provided the additional safeguard of the Qube key (atop the console), which disconnects *all* pay programming. Also, the hard-core XXX material has been deftly edited to a blander soft-core R. Though this last move has done little to curb what are quaintly known in Columbus as "P-10 parties," it has provoked an anguished outcry from more than one devoted trenchcoat veteran. "We had one guy," says marketing vice president Ron Castell, "who must have seen the unedited *Swinging Stewardesses* 50 times in the movies. He kept calling and wanting to know what happened to the part with the joystick over Altoona."

P-10 has also provoked sporadic concern that while Mom and Dad are cozily curled up in bed with *Emannuelle in Bangkok*, the Data General monster at Olentangy River Road is tabulating each and every Columbus pervert tuned to incriminating fare. Coupled with the on-line computer humming away in the downstairs living room, Qube has made a few edgy people wonder if the era of Big Brother may not be soon approaching. Emphatically, absolutely *not*, insist

Photographs courtesy of Warner Cable Qube

After eight years of better and worse (but mostly better), here's my way of saying I'd marry you all over again.

The Diamond Eternity Ring.

Traditionally, a full or half circle of diamonds...given on an anniversary or at the birth of a child.
Ask your jeweler for the "Eternity Ring" booklet. DeBeers. A diamond is forever.

Ford

FUTURA

A dramatic combination of styling and technology for 1978...and beyond.

Here is a car for the automotive future. With dynamic styling inside and out. Comfort for five passengers, yet fuel and cost efficiency for the years ahead. A car realistically priced for today. The Ford Futura.

33 MPG (hwy) 23 MPG (city). Futura's EPA mileage estimates—with 2.3 litre engine and manual 4-speed transmission—are the highest of any car in its class. Of course, your actual mileage may vary depending on how you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment. California ratings are lower. Futura is also available with 3.3 litre 6-cylinder and 5.0 litre V-8 engines.

The Ford Futura. Visit your local Ford Dealer for a personal test drive. And find out what's ahead for 1978 . . . and beyond.

FORD FAIRMONT
FUTURA

FORD DIVISION

Ford
75th ANNIVERSARY

the Qube execs. The computer *never* records individual names and addresses, unless the viewer wishes it (as when booking restaurant reservations or bidding at auctions). No record is made of individual viewing habits. But isn't it possible, asked a troublesome group of journalists, that a political candidate might swipe his opponent's billing records and then parade the creep's feelthy lust before the public? "The answer to that, I guess," replies Hauser, a bit impishly, "is that if you're in a position where you could be blackmailed, don't watch blue movies."

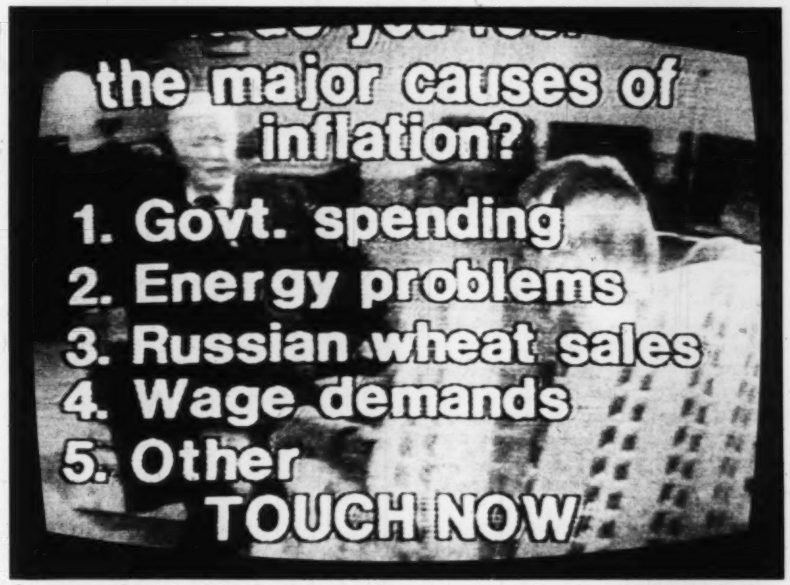
Kleiman is less flippant: "We have a time-bomb here. We have to be extremely careful and set up very strict rules. If we abuse them, we're fools."

Mr. Qubesumer

HOUSEWIFE ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERS "NO-HUNGER" BREAD, read the enticing ad in several nationwide papers. With its ingenious blend of secret ingredients, the miraculous loaf not only curbed hunger, cured cancer, aided longevity and relieved stress—but for a mere $10 the lucky consumer could purchase his own four packets of flour and bake the bread himself. It was clearly a job for that dauntless terror of fraudulent schemers, that fearless friend of shoppers . . . Mr.Qubesumer!

Mr. Qubesumer, aka Jon Steinberg, reigns supreme on Qube C-6, where his feats on behalf of the helpless, hapless shopper are the stuff of legend. Every week he comparison shops at all of Columbus' major markets and then transmits the relative prices of Datril, motor oil or frozen peas; his files bulge with grateful letters, all swearing that Mr. Qubesumer's tips alone pay the monthly charge of Qube. Mr. Qubesumer has also exposed countless hucksters and flim-flam schemes; demonstrated that while a bowl of soup at a local restaurant costs twice as much as a cup, both hold exactly the same volume; warned the innocent citizenry that "vine-ripened" tomatoes were shipped in crates and then "gassed pink" in a nearby warehouse; and alerted the women of Columbus to the dangers of deodorant tampons that cost 40 percent more than regular and seem to induce urinary tract infections. Clearly, tackling the phony flour salesman was just another job for Mr. Qubesumer.

In fact, the FDA had simultaneously learned of the flour fraud. Steinberg invited an FDA representative and the state attorney general on his show, and asked viewers to "touch in" if they'd been bilked by the Canton, Ohio-based company. Enough agreed to take part in the attorney general's investigation to force the company out of business. Steinberg lets viewers vote each week on the target of comparison shopping, and soon plans to community-rate—via touching in—Columbus restaurants, theaters and public restrooms.



the major causes of inflation?

1. Govt. spending
2. Energy problems
3. Russian wheat sales
4. Wage demands
5. Other

TOUCH NOW

Qube Saves

The phrase "blue sky" is used around Warner's to peremptorily dismiss competitive cable schemes that *sound* great but are about as pretty and empty as blue sky. In Warnerese, "blue sky" means "empty talk": For instance, Qube's general manager in Columbus, Mike Korodi, told me that just about every cable company *talks* about fancy esoteric two-way home protection schemes—but only Qube is poised to *market* protection.

Korodi's elegant, beige-carpeted office, with its comfy orange sofas, contains some suprises. Take one step across the cushiony carpet and your senses are suddenly assaulted by wailing sirens and blue-flashing strobe lights. Or as Korodi puts it: "World War II." Behind the hanging asparagus fern he has cunningly concealed an anti-vandal sensor. The sensor is standard equipment, available in the Yellow Pages. What makes it unique is its hook-up to Qube's coaxial cable, which relays the vandal's presence to Data General.

Next, the rope trick. Korodi takes a hank of noose from the glass coffee table, lights it, then holds it close to a ceiling smoke detector. World War II again. There is a brief six-second delay; it takes that long for Data General to make sure the smoke means genuine fire—not just burning toast. It can tell the difference. Korodi, who enjoys assuming the voice of the computer (presumably to make computer ignoramuses like me feel more at home with arcane technology), explains: "I take a few seconds to kick in. I look to see if the situation's in hand. Or I say, Hey, I've got a problem: Let me babysit this one." Should the computer decide to babysit this one, a siren goes off in the home, the alarm is instantly triggered at the fire department, and while firemen speed to the burning building, the computer feeds them data on the nearest fire hydrant location, age of building, its structure, possible flammables, locations and names of family dog and cat, etc. Similarly, the burglar-tripped alarm instantly relays all relevant data to the appropriate municipal police department (house location, occupants, valuables). In the room next to Korodi's office the "police"—or "fire"—computer instantly clacks out copy. The transmission has gone through Qube's 850 miles of cable first.

Fire and burglar protection will soon be available to Qube subscribers, made possible by Data General's six-second sweep of all households. The systems are all presumably tamper-proof and unsnippable, due to what Korodi calls "line integrity" and "redundant transmission capability" (It works in case of AC failure, vandalism, blackout and even cable failure). Also in the immediate offing are Emergency Medical Services: An elderly person within 150 feet of home can touch a small "panic button" necklace and ambulances will shoot to the scene, already in possession of the victim's history of heart attack, medication, possible allergies, name of doctor, "even the phone number of the mother-in-law in California," says Korodi. A similar device protects against assault outside the home.

All this is not to mention ingenious trick-proof codes (if an armed burglar forces house-owner to switch off alarm, the sirens stop, but the computer tells police: Better Hurry). And all this is not

Photographs courtesy of Warner Cable Qube

to mention Qube's own "blue sky" plots and schemes: electric load-shedding devices, meter readers, thermostat controls, attic ventilation, time-devices that trigger lights and water, et cetera.

"What we have here," says Hauser, "is an electronic superhighway. You name it—we can do it."

Not So Blue Sky

First—as Aurelia might say to the Wonkles from faraway Zintar—we're going to learn a new word today: "Narrowcast."

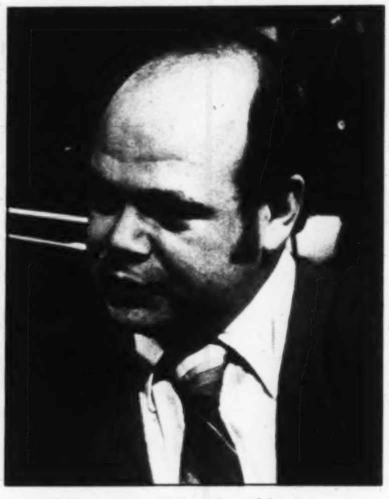
Narrowcast indicates the computer's ability to transmit a certain program *only* to prearranged select households (the rest of the universe gets snow). Narrowcast means the Columbus Bar Association can broadcast its refresher course on torts only to Qube lawyers. With the cooperation of various colleges and universities—Ohio State, Franklin University and Columbus Technical Institute—Qube viewers can have various courses narrowcast to their living rooms, to audit or to earn credit (present courses include accounting, anthropology, data processing and "communication skills"). The catalogue will soon be expanded.

And because Qube is two-way talk, students are free to communicate with their professor. In the Qube studio, Dr. Calculus might ask, "Am I going too fast?" When, six seconds later, 89 percent tell him yes, back he heads for the differential. "Is this interesting? Am I boring you stiff?" he asks. And he begins class by taking attendance. "Nice to see you back, Johnny," smiles Professor Video.

Narrowcast was the star performer in the historic July 12 meeting of the Upper Arlington Planning Association, when *only* Arlington residents viewed the presentation of the long-awaited Planning Commission Study. They were asked to touch in, to vote and express their opinions directly to the Planning Commission. Medium Cool goes Medium Hot. Town Meeting goes Global Village.

At Qubeside

Overly sophisticated residents of the East and West coasts might assume that when Norman Lear moved Fernwood to Hollywood he took the Heartland with him. Not so. Ohio remained, even as Mary Hartman packed up her trunkful of cute little mini-frocks. Mrs. C. R. Younkin, for one, wouldn't be caught dead in something so short and frilly. Somewhat hefty and clad in bright blue stretch pants, her husband's Kiwanis Man of the Year plaque hung prominently near the bookcase, a neighbor's infant squawling in the living room playpen, Mrs. Younkin is a typical—if not mythical—inhabitant of Middle Earth. And she swears she owes her life to Qube.



Ron Giles: No talking head he

It seems that during the terrible winter of 1978 she slipped on some ice and broke her ankle. Confined at home, she spent two months on the living room couch with a 25-foot umbilical connection to "what was happening in Columbus." "Of course I watched my soaps, but regular TV gets pretty routine and dull," concedes Mrs. Younkin, who found Qube a terrific baby-sitting device for her kids, 8-year-old Heath and 10-year-old Heather. (Unlike the Hartmans' precocious brat, this little girl is a perfect Girl Scout.) At the moment Heath is sitting cross-legged on the floor clutching the Qube console and looking a bit restless as Primary Day questions pop on: "Do you favor the sports arena?" is the query above the flashing "touch now."

"Press no, honey. I don't think people in Columbus are smart enough to pass that." (Eighty-three percent are smart enough to agree with Mrs. Younkin.)

"Do you favor the Glen Echo rezoning?"

Mrs. Younkin relays another veto. She says she spends about $10 monthly on Qube. When she and her family plan a premium pay movie they invite friends over: "We pay for the Qube—they pay for refreshments." Her husband has been nagging her to play golf, so she's been watching the lessons on C-9.

By now a teenage show is on—*Columbus Goes Bananaz*—and Mrs. Younkin's somewhat impassive face grows perceptibly more impassive as the host asks his teenage audience: "How many of you have smoked marijuana?" (Eighty-three percent touch in "yes.") When he asks "How many of you know anyone who takes Valium?" Mrs. Younkin scoops up the squawling infant and disappears into the bedroom while Heath, a bit conspiratorially, points to the quivering family schnauzer and whispers, "Mom once gave two tranquilizers to Gramps."

Talent Will Out

"To keep them involved, to get them touching buttons," says Kleiman, "they need some reward—either psychic or material."

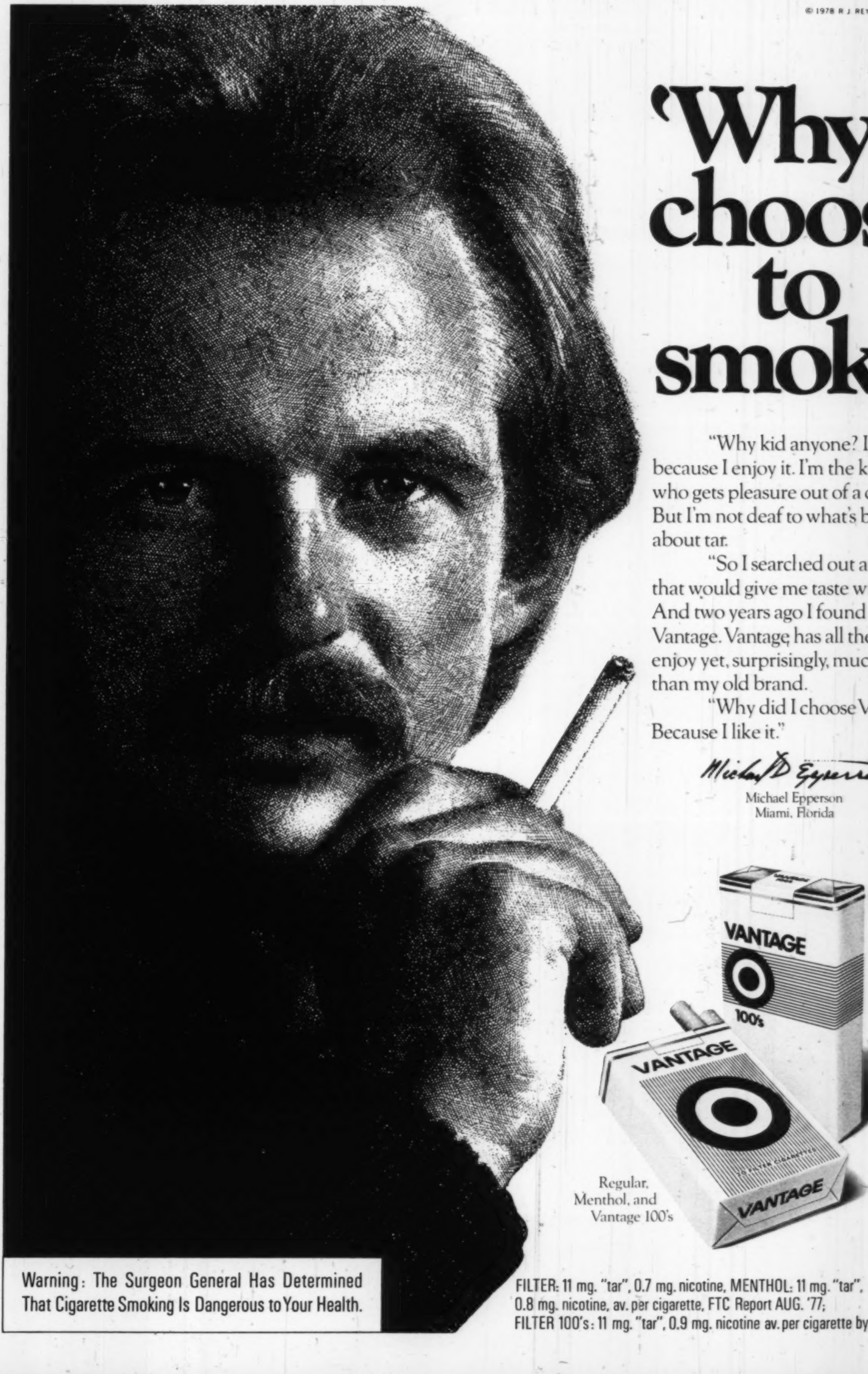
The lack of specific gratification probably explains the flop of Qube's football experiment. In a Marietta-Otterbein College game, Qube viewers were polled on the probable upcoming play while the team huddled. The trouble was: however strong the consensus for an off-tackle plunge, the vote had zero impact on the coach's decision. The opposite is true for Qube's wildly successful *Talent Search*, a hybrid of Ted Mack and *The Gong Show* in which local participants flaunt their varied talents while viewers give the act thumbs up or thumbs down. Forty seconds of thumbs down—50 percent or more hitting the "no" button—and the performer gets yanked. Twinkling in the far, far distance is the possibility that TV viewers may one day give a similar electronic raspberry to yet another cloying insipid actor plugging yet another cloying insipid film on the Johnny Carson show. But for today Columbus must content itself with voting on Donna and Kathy—twin sisters in matching orange bodysuits doing a "jazz-dance" to *The Pink Panther* theme.

Twelve-year-old Sharon, for one, thinks they're *awful*. "*That* doesn't show any talent," she pouts and continues pressing her "no" button. She is even less tolerant of the next contestant, a young accordionist "from outside Rome," Tommaso Presutti, who plays a lively rendition of "Roll Out the Barrel" to Sharon's cries of "Yuk!" His scores average 70 percent so he stays the full 150 seconds despite Sharon's caustic remark: "*I* thought he had a fake *accent*."

Sharon admits she might be more charitable if she hadn't taken her pink ballet shoes down to the Olentangy Studio—only to have "Red" Jamison jump in front and cut her off after 40 seconds. "It wasn't *fair*," she protests. "They kept showing my feet when I wasn't *doing* anything!"

Not surprisingly, Sharon shows little sympathy for the next contestant, crooner Mike Smith, who works at the local temperature control plant and is such an Elvis fan that he named his first son Elvis. For once, Qube's audience shares Sharon's opinion and gives him a quick hook, as "Red" pops out to exclaim, "Super job! All *right*. And now for our final contestant. It's not often we get to hear . . . *Turkish Folk Music*. But here, staying with the Morrisons, here's

© 1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO



'Why I choose to smoke.'

"Why kid anyone? I smoke because I enjoy it. I'm the kind of guy who gets pleasure out of a cigarette. But I'm not deaf to what's being said about tar.

"So I searched out a cigarette that would give me taste with low tar. And two years ago I found it in Vantage. Vantage has all the taste I enjoy yet, surprisingly, much less tar than my old brand.

"Why did I choose Vantage? Because I like it."

Michael D Epperson

Michael Epperson
Miami, Florida

Regular,
Menthol, and
Vantage 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

foreign exchange student Guldeniz Balkan!

While Guldeniz is playing her guitar Sharon tells me that the whole show isn't fair anyway. When a kid from Jones Junior High is on, she says, all the kids from Jones watch and vote, and when a kid from Hastings Junior High is on the same thing happens. "It's just a big rivalry between Jones and Hastings," she explains.

The Test Tube

No one will say exactly what Qube has cost. Original estimates of $8–10 million have jumped to the point where Hauser admits the lavish experiment has set Warner's back "more than $15 million." Some TV insiders believe $25 million would be a more accurate figure. Whatever the cost, Hauser is convinced he's got a smash hit on his hands and is, for the moment, cavalier and unconcerned with bottom-line realities.

It is hoped that double or triple the $10.95 monthly revenue will come from the "P" column, where porn costs $3.00–$3.50, first-run movies (*Three Women, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) go for $2.50 a shot, B drive-in fare (*The Killer Ants, Big Bad Mama*) gets $2.00, classics (like *The Caine Mutiny* and *The Pink Panther*) are cheap at $1.00, and special events (Nightclub Tour of Paris, George Burns in Concert) run from $1.50 to $2.50. Already there have been some minor adjustments in pay-programming, the big casualty being sports. Qube's P-4 originally carried many Madison Square Garden events, plus Cleveland Cavaliers and Ohio State basketball. But when OSU's four-game winning streak turned into a two-game losing streak, the fans' eagerness to pay plummeted. Similarly, though surveys indicated Columbus wanted *more* TV sports, few sports fanatics, it seems, were accustomed—or willing—to pay. So except for a few special events, sports was quietly shifted to C—the free channel. "Between the desire and the event the shadow falls," admits Kleiman. "We died."

If the monthly subscription rate lags, if security devices are not yet sold, if TV viewers have to be slowly reconditioned to punch $2.50 buttons in their own living rooms, then Hauser and company have plenty of other revenue-producing schemes up their sleeves. To begin with: the Infomercial and Qubit.

These little fellows are actually elongated commercials (the Qubit is usually two minutes, the Infomercial longer) that might present a minidocumentary on, say, digital watches, followed by a low-key sales pitch ("If you'd like to order a Timex, or receive a sample brochure, just touch button 2"). American Express purchased ads, as did a Columbus travel agency which polled viewers to find out if their dream vacation would see them in Amsterdam, Tahiti, Rome, London or Paris (Paris won) and then sent Paris tour brochures to Paris-touching viewers. A local insurance salesman pitched various annuity and protection plans, patiently explained the intricacies of insurance, then asked for some button-pressing. Only four viewers hit their buttons, but of those four, two bought policies and a third is mulling it over.

A far more lucrative use of the interactive mode is Qube's potential for market research. Walt Disney seemingly recognized this priceless commodity when it abandoned the long-standing Disney policy against pay TV and sold Warner's a historic package of seven features (including *Pete's Dragon*) and one animated Mickey Mouse. The reason, as reported in the industry magazine *TVC*: "Disney chose Qube because it can deliver so much information in the realm of audience research through its pay-per-view offerings." And Kleiman, who once headed HBO programming, confirms, "I pitched HBO to Disney till I was blue in the face. We got in because of our research capability."

Remember: Columbus, Ohio, is officially Test City, USA. Whenever there is a new fabric softener, a new ball-point pen or a new size of Coke bottle to be foisted on the American consumer, the market research teams race for this perfectly proportioned, moderately sized prosperous heart of the Heartland, with its comfortable mix of white and blue collar and without the disruptive, distracting extremes of eastern sophistication, inner city ghetto or California Hip. How absolutely invaluable then that this perfect test city should now come equipped with its own perfect testing tool: Qube.

Already business is jumping. On one of the days I visited Olentangy, I bumped into a fellow named Len Biegel who was arranging to show a government documentary on the citizen soldiers of NATO. While the U.S. is NATO's most prominent member, Americans apparently know little about it. Before and after the Qube showing, Biegel will poll viewers to see if they know what NATO is, then tabulate response to the film (from "It really stirred me" to "Left me cold"). "Even if I *believed* Nielsen," said Biegel, "you still can't ask it questions."

In early June, *US* magazine let Qube viewers vote on a choice of five covers and has since published the two favorites: John Wayne and The Incredible Hulk. Predetermined Qube viewers could receive product samples and then, via narrowcast, be quizzed on response. Advertisers could conduct magazine readership surveys. Viewers could be paid to participate. Boasts Hauser: "We can do research 88 ways."

But Will It Sell?

Columbus, Ohio, is divided geographically among four cable franchises of which Warner's has a potential 100,000 subscribers. When Qube was first inaugurated Warner's counted 26,000 subscribers to its conventional one-way cable (not terribly impressive, and HBO's Levin speculates that Warner's started Qube to boost cable sales overall). After several months, Warner's had convinced about 20,000 of them that they wanted "the wondrous worlds of Qube." Is that success? Disappointing? Behind schedule? To all such questions, Hauser politely but firmly insists on remaining mum. A disruptive winter of blizzards threw all operations off schedule and, in addition, Hauser prefers not to indulge in head-counts. Qube is still very much an experiment. In infancy. Far, far from the realm of conclusive results. "We are very, very encouraged," is all he will allow.

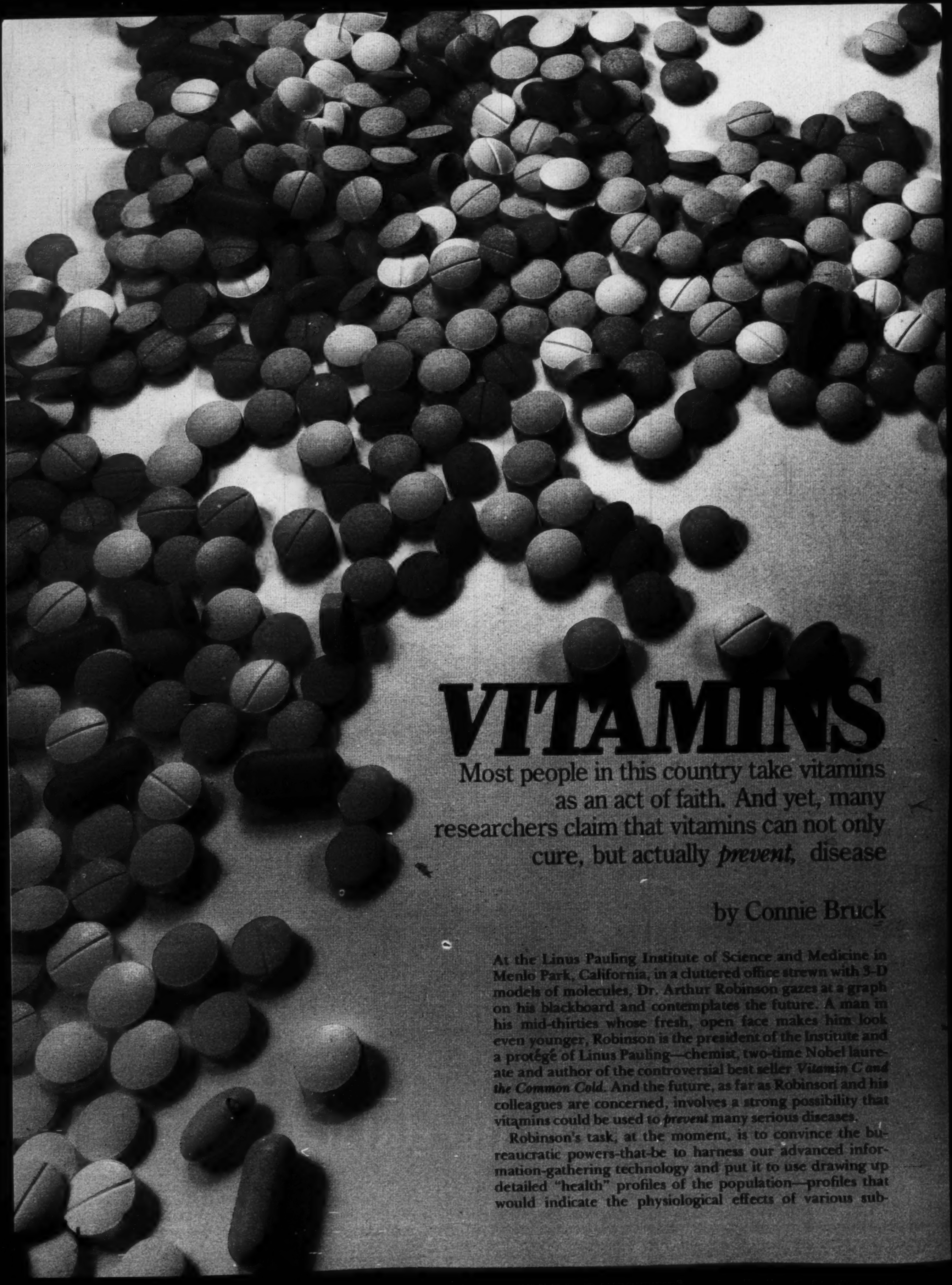
The next few months will probably reveal a clearer picture of Qube's Columbus future, as a boosted sales staff prepares for some aggressive door-to-door Qubesmanship. Part of the problem in selling Qube, admits Castell, is that it is hard to explain. People think it's just more TV. Or more cable. "It's a whole *new utility*," says Mike Dann.

After Columbus the next major target is Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh could prove interesting. While cable is thriving nationwide—close to 4,000 companies have gotten into about 12.5 million homes—its primary challenge is urban penetration, where both channel variety and signal reception (cable's big selling points) are generally good. Then, too, how big a city will opt for Qube's present overload of local programming? At what point does a city tire of watching its own parades? How often can twin sisters in orange leotards jazz-dance *The Pink Panther* theme and still swipe rating points from Mike Douglas?

If Pittsburgh does get Qubed, the reality of the wired society will have jumped a giant bound closer. Soon we can all expect to be shopping at Tiffany's from our living room Lazy-Boy. Soon we'll not only skip crowded faraway movie lines for comfy, convenient Fee Teevee, but we'll have electronic customized newspapers printed by Qube touch-in. Dr. Horner, in her infinite compassion, has said her intention was *not* to keep kids glued to the boob tube. But what about adults? How does she propose to keep *us* away from those never-ending, seductively wondrous worlds of entertainment and knowledge?

It could be a problem. ●

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF
Crown Royal
by
Seagram
The butler did it.



VITAMINS

Most people in this country take vitamins as an act of faith. And yet, many researchers claim that vitamins can not only cure, but actually *prevent,* disease

by Connie Bruck

At the Linus Pauling Institute of Science and Medicine in Menlo Park, California, in a cluttered office strewn with 3-D models of molecules, Dr. Arthur Robinson gazes at a graph on his blackboard and contemplates the future. A man in his mid-thirties whose fresh, open face makes him look even younger, Robinson is the president of the Institute and a protégé of Linus Pauling—chemist, two-time Nobel laureate and author of the controversial best seller *Vitamin C and the Common Cold.* And the future, as far as Robinson and his colleagues are concerned, involves a strong possibility that vitamins could be used to *prevent* many serious diseases.

Robinson's task, at the moment, is to convince the bureaucratic powers-that-be to harness our advanced information-gathering technology and put it to use drawing up detailed "health" profiles of the population—profiles that would indicate the physiological effects of various sub-

stances, be they salubrious, like vitamins, or detrimental, like environmental carcinogens. And the graph at which Robinson stares is a primitive attempt to show a person's level of "health" as it corresponds to the amount of a substance in their body.

The initial focus would be on nutrients because, unlike one's serum cholesterol or endogenous estrogen, their levels are easily altered. As Robinson explains it, the health curve will rise as the vitamin intake curve rises… until it reaches a peak. And beyond this peak, the health curve will fall off because there is too much of the vitamin in the body. "We would like to know," Robinson says, "what the optimum amount is for every individual, for every substance they eat."

The problem is that certain substances interact, so if there are 50 substances in the diet to be studied, drawing those 50 curves simultaneously is extremely difficult. Drawing even one curve for one lone substance is complicated by our inability to measure "health" quantitatively. But for the past several years, researchers at the Institute have been developing and refining techniques for extracting information from urine and serum in order to find specific biochemical profiles associated with disease—hepatitis, for instance, or mental illness.

"We *have* found profiles in our experiments that are characteristic of overt disease," Robinson says. "But until we have samples of *healthy* people—in the years prior to illness—we can't draw that health axis for people who aren't sick already."

To Robinson, the solution is self-evident: a urine and serum bank that would obtain samples from large numbers of well people (along with their clinical histories) and store them, making them available to researchers all over the country. So whenever anyone came up with a new analytic tool—a machine that could allegedly see a pattern in the urine and associate it with breast cancer three years before the cancer appeared—they could just pull the appropriate samples and measure.

"I like to think of it this way," Robinson smiles. "Suppose there were an archangel who sat on your shoulder and asked, 'What shall I do to put her in optimum health?'… He could measure everything in your body, look at your genetics and environment, and say, 'Here's a list of how much there should be of every substance in your body.' And *then* he could reach in and push them around until there was just the right amount of each. Well, we're trying to give the human approximation of that archangel."

In other words, suppose the machine said that there was a 50–50 chance of your contracting a particular kind of cancer in the next 10 years. You would then be able to try preventive measures, such as taking megadoses of vitamin C. In a few months, you could test your serum and urine to see if the cancer risk had diminished. In time, the computers could begin to store information on what worked and what didn't, given a specific profile. In time, the computers could give advice!

"The *technology is there*!" Robinson exclaims, his voice rising in excitement. "It could already be drawing those graphs. But I don't think it will do anything very useful in terms of disease prevention until somebody builds a [illegible] bank. When that happens, people will be freed to fight the *probability* of illness rather than illness itself."

In the meantime there is an unfinished graph on the blackboard, and an unfunded urine and serum bank on the drawing board, which Robinson and his colleagues have been trying to get the National Institutes of Health to finance.

Vitamins, if properly understood and applied, will help us to reduce human suffering to an extent which the most fantastic mind would fail to imagine.

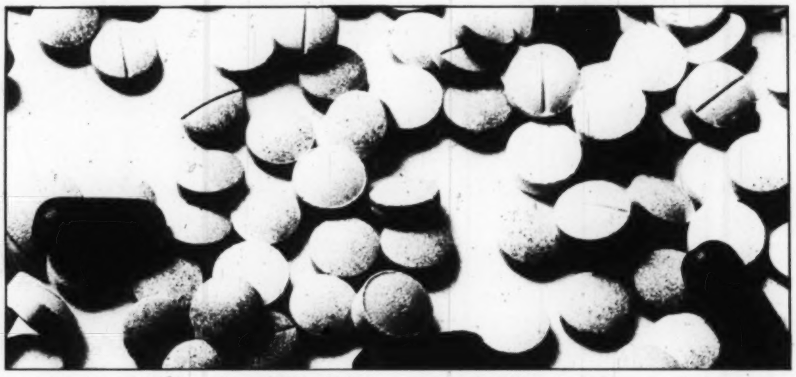
—Albert Szent-Györgyi, [illegible]

Enthusiasts have always seen [illegible] universal remedy for many ills. Ever since the Polish biochemist Casimir Funk [illegible] hypothesis in 1912, it has been known that vitamins are [illegible] compounds—occurring in small amounts in [illegible]—without which the body eventually [illegible]. Many have even asked the next question: If vitamins in small amounts have such powerful effects that they can make the difference between health and disease, then [illegible] what might larger amounts do? Fight disease? Prolong life?

Vitamins have often inspired [illegible] hopes—and [illegible] among an impressionable public. Back in the 1930s, when vitamins were first synthesized, scientists carried out thou-

Photographs by Steve Myers

If minute amounts of vitamins can make the difference between health and illness...what might larger amounts do? Fight disease? Prolong life?



sands of research projects, especially with vitamin C. In 1938 one author said of the C experiments: "So many papers have now been published on this subject that it is difficult to find a single ailment to which the human or animal body is prone that has not been investigated." The levels, however, were low by today's megadose standards (mainly in the 50 to 100 mg range), the results were uneven and—perhaps in the excitement over newly discovered antibiotics and sulfa drugs—researchers quickly lost interest.

Over the past 30 years or so, the established medical line has been that vitamins have no known therapeutic potential and that amounts larger than the RDA (Recommended Dietary Allowances) dosage will merely be excreted. "Our sewers run with the richest urine in the world," medical school professors chuckle. And the majority of therapeutic claims for vitamins have been made from outside of the scientific community, often by those who have little to risk in the way of credibility. But forget for a moment the miracle hype—that vitamin E can cure impotence or keep skin unwrinkled, or that pantothenic acid prevents hair from turning gray. What has made even the more serious claims open to ridicule is their characteristic expansiveness. The controversial Canadian physician Evan Shute remarks in his book, *The Heart and Vitamin E*, that "no substance known to medicine has such a variety of healing properties." Linus Pauling maintains that vitamin C helps to control not only the common cold and the flu but also hepatitis, schizophrenia, cardiovascular disease, cancer—and now heroin addiction.

And yet Pauling contends that we are skeptical because our categories are wrong; we are accustomed to drugs—foreign, toxic substances engineered to attack a specific agent of disease but which often interact harmfully with other parts of the body. Vitamins, he says, are different; normal constituents of the body, their special function is to fortify, to *enhance*, the body's own protective mechanisms. Pauling has dubbed their therapeutic use "orthomolecular medicine," which means adjusting the substances natural to the body to just the *right* molecular balance for the prevention and treatment of disease.

While Pauling emphasizes the distance between vitamins and drugs, many scientists traditionally have called vitamins in RDA ranges "nutritional," and vitamins in higher ranges "pharmacologic." This debate is primarily a matter of semantics. In the political arena, it has had far wider implications. Vitamins as common nutrients have always been in the public domain, a kind of everyman's pharmacopoeia, but the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has only recently wound down a 16-year battle to gain more control over them. At one point it attempted to classify any preparation that was more than 150 percent over the RDA as a "drug," and vitamins A and D (which are known to be toxic in high ranges) as prescription drugs over certain levels. The FDA's Bill Boehne points out that the agency was only trying to carry out its duty; he says that claims are constantly being made by "quacks," and that the American people throw away money on high-potency supplements that "according to the best nutritional advice appear to be unwarranted." Boehne is aware of surveys that indicate that the diets of broad segments of the population are inadequate in one or more nutrients—particularly vitamins A and C, and iron. "But," Boehne asks, "is taking vitamins the answer, instead of just eating right? And in such *irrational* amounts?"

What coalesced in opposition to the FDA's action was an odd assortment of vitamin enthusiasts, left-wing activists, right-wing libertarians and, of course, the vitamin and health food industry, which claimed the FDA was going after vitamins because it was a lot easier than going after either the food or drug industry, and that the FDA was just acting as a mouthpiece for the American Medical Association. "At the core of that battle was the FDA's bias against self-medication, or any autonomy in health care," stated Bill Thompson, chairman of the board of a vitamin company in Torrance, California. "They really believe—along with the AMA—that no one should make any kind of decision about their own health without consulting a doctor . . . in spite of the fact that it's well documented that nutrition is something most doctors know nothing about."

The FDA's attempt to have vitamins classified as drugs was finally laid to rest through a series of court cases and the passage of the Rogers-Proxmire Bill in 1976. The currently proposed regulations, on the other hand, would classify vitamins as food additives, thus increasing the agency's regulatory powers. But New York attorney Milton Bass, who is representing the National Nutritional Foods Association in a court action contesting the regulations, describes the skirmish as "just the aftermath." "There's no longer any threat," he says, "to people's basic freedom of choice about what vitamins they want to take, at what levels."

And yet, all the years of seemingly endless FDA vitamin hearings and the thousands of pages of transcribed testimony by experts have left the question of vitamins' therapeutic potential unanswered. After four decades of biochemical research, we *do* know that the early investigators guessed correctly. Vitamins are indeed active substances, biocatalysts much like enzymes and hormones (except that the body can't synthesize them), which affect cellular metabolism and regulate chemical processes throughout the body. Many vitamins, especially those in the B-family, are now known to function as coenzymes, the nonprotein activator of an enzyme. Biochemists agree, however, that there are many fundamental enzyme systems—and probably some vitamins—still to be identified. Even among the known and studied vitamins, the biochemical pathways remain largely uncharted, the full mechanisms unclear.

Until quite recently, most vitamin research rarely crossed over into the domain of medicine, to the broader questions of human health and disease. With such fragmentary knowledge, many people assemble the scattered pieces—a controlled study here, some anecdotal evidence there—to fit their preconcep-

---

Connie Bruck is a free-lance writer based in Los Angeles. This is her first article for New Times.

All those who want to see
the funniest film of the year,
raise their hands.

NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S®
ANIMAL HOUSE

A comedy from Universal Pictures

THE MATTY SIMMONS - IVAN REITMAN PRODUCTION

"NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE" Starring JOHN BELUSHI · TIM MATHESON · JOHN VERNON · VERNA BLOOM
THOMAS HULCE and DONALD SUTHERLAND as JENNINGS · Produced by MATTY SIMMONS and IVAN REITMAN
Song "ANIMAL HOUSE" Composed and Performed by STEPHEN BISHOP · Music by ELMER BERNSTEIN
Written by HAROLD RAMIS, DOUGLAS KENNEY & CHRIS MILLER · Directed by JOHN LANDIS
© 1978 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE TECHNICOLOR®

R RESTRICTED
Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

At theatres everywhere this summer.

tions. Surmise is presented as certainty, and outrage is endemic. One psychiatrist at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute spoke in a trembling voice of the "tragedy" of megavitamins and of the lives that are sure to be lost by giving up conventional treatment—for cancer, say—in favor of vitamins. And Gerald Benesh, a nutrition specialist in San Marcos, California, warns against taking vitamins. "They only impose a *hardship* on the body. They're synthetic, they're not natural. Vitamins are never found in nature by themselves but among other ingredients. Only when taken in through the food can the body utilize them."

Nathan Pritikin, author of *Live Longer Now* and founder of the Longevity Center in Santa Monica, takes a similarly hard-line stance. He scoffs at nutritional surveys that show that a significant number of people take in less than half of the RDAs, and that many show biochemical indices in the deficient range. "Show me symptoms of deficiency disease, show me scurvy," challenges Pritikin, "not just dietary intakes or even blood levels that are below someone's arbitrary standards."

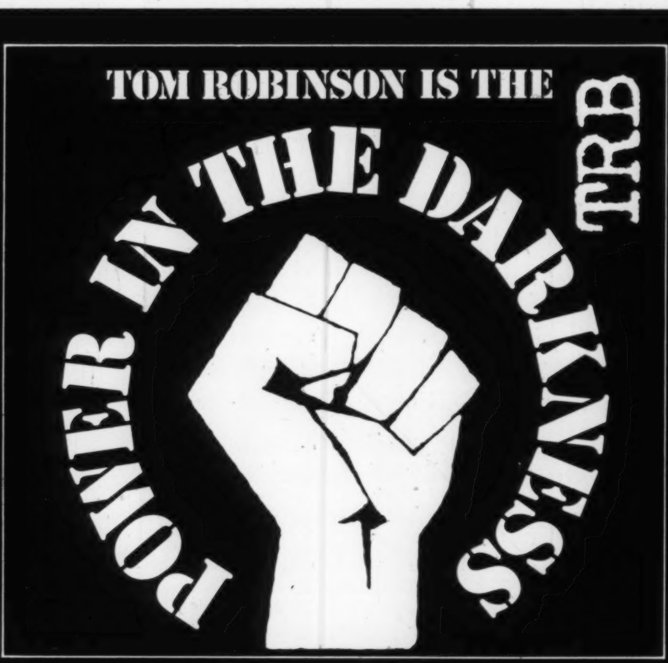
Pritikin, an engineer before he turned to health, has developed a program especially for people suffering from heart disease that involves exercise and a low-fat, low-cholesterol diet consisting mainly of unrefined foods. At the mention of Dr. Evan Shute's claim that vitamin E has helped thousands over the years, Pritikin explodes. "Vitamin E protects against nothing! It's a distress to the body, and in every double-blind test has failed to do any better than a placebo." Shute, of course, maintains that these tests have not been done right.

"You know, Dr. Shute has plenty of problems with his own heart," Pritikin continues. "So obviously vitamin E doesn't work—it didn't work for him. *Shute's* problem is diet. He said recently that he hasn't done his cholesterol level in 25 years and doesn't intend to, because it's all a bunch of hokum. Well, he'll close his arteries!"

And so it goes. No one, however, arouses the ire of nonbelievers more than Linus Pauling. Pauling elevated megavitamins from mere flimflam to a controversial issue; and it is his stature, as well as his having crossed abruptly into a new field, that so infuriates.

Today, eight years after publishing *Vitamin C and the Common Cold*, Pauling is accustomed to attacks from the establishment. "They've committed themselves to saying vitamin C has no effect on the cold, and it's just too hard for them to change. But the old generation will die off," chuckles Pauling, who at 77 has a faintly tremulous voice, a rather puckish grin and deep, luminous blue eyes. He points to a number of recent, controlled studies that show an average of 36 percent less illness among ascorbic acid subjects than placebo subjects. A respectable, though not really telling figure, says Pauling, because controlled studies don't make allowances for self-medication. "People ought to be able to prevent colds almost completely if they have good sense," he maintains. "Stay in bed one day, take as much C as you feel you need, and you can stop the cold." And he emphasizes that no significant evidence of the adverse reactions that have been hypothesized by others—kidney stones or depletion of B-12—has emerged from his research.

One of the largest controlled studies on C and the cold was done in 1972 by Dr. Terence Anderson at the University of Toronto. Anderson used such a sizable population—407 subjects—because he was skeptical of Pauling's theory. He found that those who took the C had a 30 percent reduction in days of disability from all illness over a four-month period, compared to placebo subjects. "Normally in science, if you run across something interesting someone else, or more likely several people, will repeat the trial," comments Anderson. "But no one's ever done that study just as we did it. One seems to run the risk of being called a crackpot... So there's a considerable resistance. Everybody loves to argue about it; hardly anyone just tries

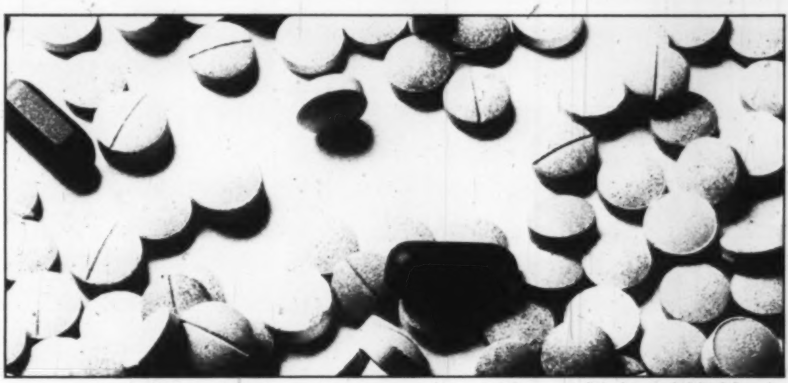


AVAILABLE FROM
CAPITOL RECORDS

HARVEST

THE COMPLETE TOM ROBINSON BAND-SEVENTEEN TRACKS,
INCLUDING BONUS L.P. FEATURING
2-4-6-8 MOTORWAY AND GLAD TO BE GAY.

Many people assemble the scattered pieces—a controlled study here, some anecdotal evidence there—to fit their preconceptions



to settle it."

Anderson is now conducting his fourth study on C and the cold to see what effect large doses have when taken at the first signs of illness. "Irwin Stone claims that if you take one and a half grams every half-hour, after several doses 95 percent of colds will disappear. Well, we've got people doing that, then taking one gram an hour for the rest of that day; it works out to twelve grams the first day, eight the second and third, one gram a day for the rest of that week." And the results? "We should have them by fall," replies Anderson, "in time for the next cold season."

Pauling says he really considers the matter of C and the cold settled. Over the past few years he's lent his support to the growing orthomolecular psychiatry movement, which uses massive doses of the B vitamins (especially niacin) and also ascorbic acid in the treatment of schizophrenia. And he advocates the use of C for patients receiving multiple blood transfusions as a protection against serum hepatitis. But what Pauling and Ewan Cameron, a surgeon in Scotland, have been trying to muster support for is an orthomolecular approach to cancer. They point out that in the conventional modes of treatment—surgery, chemotherapy, radiation therapy—the premise is that cancer cells are foreign invaders that need to be targeted and killed, rather than native cells that are behaving abnormally and might be controlled. Pauling and Cameron are not suggesting that vitamin C is the long-sought cure for cancer, or that conventional modes of treatment be abandoned; but they do propose an orthomolecular attempt to enhance the body's natural resistance by creating a healthy biochemical environment.

Cameron has carried out several clinical trials. In the major and most recent one, 100 patients with advanced cases of cancer, who received 10 grams of C a day, were compared with 1,000 matched controls. The average survival time of the ascorbate-treated patients was over four times that of the controls; 13 of those patients (over 20 times the average of the controls) are still alive and no longer show signs of the malignancy. Cameron's subjective observation was that the C had a palliative, tonic-like effect on even those who did succumb to the disease; they needed less pain medication and suffered less. Pauling readily admits that he doesn't understand how C fights the disease—whether it strengthens the collagen (a kind of intercellular cement) enough to resist the tumor's infiltration, or stimulates the immune mechanisms to greater effectiveness, or does something else entirely. But the results are there. And he stresses that he also believes in the vitamin as a prophylactic, that with large daily doses of C, cancer might well be prevented altogether.

For the past five years, Pauling has applied for a grant from the National Cancer Institute to do a controlled study on C and cancer, and each year he has been rejected. This year NCI decided to grant funds for such a study, but to someone else. Dr. Charles Moertel of the Mayo Clinic says his study is much like Pauling and Cameron's—10 grams a day to subjects "for whom no other therapy is indicated," and placebos to controls. But why wouldn't they fund Pauling. "It's hard for me to know exactly," Pauling replies. "Various government agencies—the FDA, for example—came out unfavorably to my book on C and the cold, and I think in the establishment there are a lot of people who think I'm just a crackpot, or unreliable. I think, though," he said evenly, "that the record speaks against that."

Treating invasive malignancy with vitamins is one thing; unless the Mayo Clinic study comes up with spectacular results, Pauling probably has a long way to go before winning many establishment allies. But the idea of using megavitamins to *prevent* cancer and other diseases is attracting even some scientists who are *not* in Pauling's camp, and the experimental evidence is slowly beginning to accumulate.

At the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, Dr. Michael Sporn has been working with vitamin A and its synthetic analogs (called new retinoids) which he has found can prevent epithelial cancer of the skin, respiratory tract, mammary glands and bladder in experimental animals.

Vitamin A ordinarily maintains the integrity, differentiation and function of many epithelial tissues throughout the body, and Sporn has posited that a dietary deficiency of these natural retinoids enhances susceptibility to chemical carcinogens. This has already been demonstrated in his animal experiments; as for humans, Sporn cites an epidemiological study of over 8,000 men with equivalent smoking habits, in which a low dietary intake of vitamin A was linked to a high incidence of lung cancer.

"Combined with the animal studies, that's not *proof*," Sporn allows, "but it's certainly suggestive." And disturbing. In 1969, for example, the National Nutrition Survey found that 33 percent of all children under six were deficient in vitamin A—according to the RDA. "I know there are many people in America not getting enough vitamin A," Sporn says, "but as to what the optimal level might be . . . That's a controversial topic right now, and I don't have a specific answer for it. Not yet."

Therefore Sporn is not advocating megadoses of vitamin A. Far from it. A is, after all, a fat-soluble vitamin with known toxicity. "There's a West German group going around the world now with testimonials, saying they've given people millions of units of their special vitamin A preparation for cancer. Well, either they're exposing people to danger, or they're selling something that's watered down and fraudulent. They're throwing this right into the laetrile pot, and I want no part of it."

"This is not like vitamin C," Sporn emphasizes. "You can probably take 10 grams a day of that without exposing yourself to much danger. But if someone has a theological belief in vitamin A's being good for them and starts getting into the megadoses, they can do very severe damage to their liver."

For that reason it's been necessary to develop the synthetic retinoids, which act like vitamin A, but with less toxicity. And unlike the nutritional form of vitamin A, they can be targeted in high levels to the organ sites that might develop the cancer. Sporn compares them to the

Going C-old Turkey

Al Libby, a chiropractor in Santa Ana, California, claims he can cure heroin addiction with massive doses of vitamin C—between 30 and 80 grams a day, along with supplemental multivitamins, minerals and amino acid. And within 7–10 days, presto! The cure is complete. If one of his patients slips and takes a fix while undergoing treatment, Libby says, the junk will be instantly detoxified by the C so the addict can't get high.

Most of Libby's patients—about 100 to date—remain on 10-gram daily doses, and contentedly so. "I'd rather be hooked on C than methadone," attested one ex-addict who had been on drugs most of his adult life and had run the gamut—methadone, blood dialysis and cold turkey—before going through Libby's course about a year ago. Now he takes 20 grams a day and says, "I can't overdose, and it makes me feel good."

Libby himself is feeling pretty good these days. Sitting in his drab Santa Ana office, he spoke of plans to relocate to a new facility in Arizona with a swimming pool, tennis courts, acres of land, and to which he'll add—if all goes well—biofeedback equipment and the latest machines for urine and serum analysis.

After all those years of working the very fringes of health care, and chafing at the limits of his chiropractor's license, Libby has the air of a man who has come into a sudden windfall and can scarcely believe his good fortune: He finally found something *natural* that worked! So he doesn't regret having been an outsider; that, after all, was what led him to pursue the outlandish notion that Vitamin C might cure heroin addiction. Had he been a medical man, said Libby, he probably would have scoffed too.

Libby's colleague—and the theoretician of this project—is a San Jose biochemist named Irwin Stone, the man Linus Pauling credits with having sparked his own investigation of vitamin C. (Back in 1966 Stone suggested to Pauling that he could lengthen his life by 15 or 20 years if he took daily doses of C.) Stone claims that human beings need doses of vitamin C nearly 1,000 times higher than the current RDA level of 45 mg. He also points out that experimental animals, which are capable of synthesizing their own ascorbic acid, will substantially increase their production of it when under stress. Thus, Stone hypothesizes, man is at a particular disadvantage in times of stress or illness. Lacking the enzyme that would enable us to make our own vitamin C—and unsupplemented—we suffer from what Stone calls "hypoascorbemia," a chronic, subclinical scurvy which in turn aggravates our numerous afflictions.

In his book, *The Healing Factor* (1972), Stone predicted that someday someone would cure drug addiction with vitamin C. "I was," Libby says simply, "his prophecy fulfilled."

"Talk about a prophecy fulfilled!" Susan Macafee lets out a peal of exultant laughter. "I'm just sitting back now and watching a vision of nine years ago become a reality."

Macafee, a friend of both Libby and Stone's, is a co-worker in the heroin project, and her vision, which she means literally, showed her how the entire body worked. "I knew then," she says, "that what's happening today would come about—treating drug addiction, multiple sclerosis, allergies, diabetes, you-name-it with vitamin C." She takes 30 grams at the first sign of a migraine, and as much as 80 grams for bronchitis, and the symptoms disappear. She also gives it to her grandmother for rheumatism, and uses it in powdered form to burn corns off her feet.

Libby interrupts the testimonial with a wracking cough. Both he and Macafee have been chain-smoking since the session began, and the room is dense with smoke. I ask the obvious question.

"This is Irwin Stone's suggestion," Libby laughs loudly. "You know the Parliament cigarette with the deep-recessed filter? Well, you put a vitamin C tablet in the recess so it has to dissolve in your mouth before you light up each cigarette.... Thus eliminating the threat of throat or lung cancer."

---

synthetic steroids in birth control pills, which are also more effective and less toxic on a dose basis than the naturally occurring estradiol and progesterone would be. But like the synthetic steroids, the retinoids are not yet totally safe.

"We haven't yet reached our ultimate goal of an ideal molecule that could be given for prevention to the general population," Sporn says. "Eventually, with the development of new and better retinoids, people should be able to fight disease at its earliest signs—when an irregular pap smear comes back. Or the sputum cytology from the lungs is abnormal. Or the fluid from the nipple of a nonlactating woman shows precancerous cells."

In the meantime, however, retinoid treatment is limited to people who run a high risk of cancer. There are two studies just beginning, one with people who have already had bladder cancer (who have about a 70 percent chance of developing another in the next few years); the other with extremely heavy smokers who have cytological evidence of abnormal, precancerous cells in the lungs. "But we're talking about prevention, not cure," Sporn stresses. "Once a patient has an invasive cancer, this preventive approach is as worthless as giving polio vaccine to a child who has infectious poliomyelitis. You have to identify people in a *precancerous* state for this physiological approach to be worth anything."

Sporn also points out, as Pauling did, that the conventional response to cancer has involved waiting until the patient has invasive disease and then *attacking*, thereby ignoring all the evidence that cancer is a diffuse, evolutionary, developmental process. Since many years elapse between the original carcinogenic assault and the final invasive malignancy, why *not* prevent the malignancy by bolstering the physiological mechanisms of the body in the early stages, using what Sporn calls chemo-prevention as opposed to chemo-therapy.

Sporn calls it chemoprevention, Pauling calls it orthomolecular; both are advocating prevention through a kind of super-reinforcement of the body's protective mechanisms. But Sporn is wary of the tie-in. "Look, there is an intrinsic physiological resistance that the body has to the development of cancer. If it didn't, then every smoker would get lung cancer, and in fact only about 10 percent of heavy lifetime smokers do. So there must be something in the physiology of the other 90 percent that protects them. Finding those protective mechanisms and enhancing them—which is what we're trying to do with the retinoids—makes sense to me."

Are these new retinoids, and those yet to be developed, nutritional or pharmacologic agents? Sporn admits the distinction is difficult, but he feels most comfortable thinking of them as drugs.

We are all exposed in our most fundamental activities. We breathe carcinogens into our lungs, we ingest them in our food. When the aberration becomes the norm, do we perhaps need synthetic variants and megadoses of once-simple nutrients to keep us whole? And do the distinctions then become blurred because we are on the threshold of something—super-nutrition or new pharmacology—that lies in-between?

"It may well be true that what our body produces and what we eat in our ordinary diet is not adequate for surviving in Los Angeles smog," Sporn considers. "One hundred years ago, people were not ingesting pesticides. So we *do* need more protection today, new kinds of protection. Yes. And retinoids, I think, are one legitimate class."

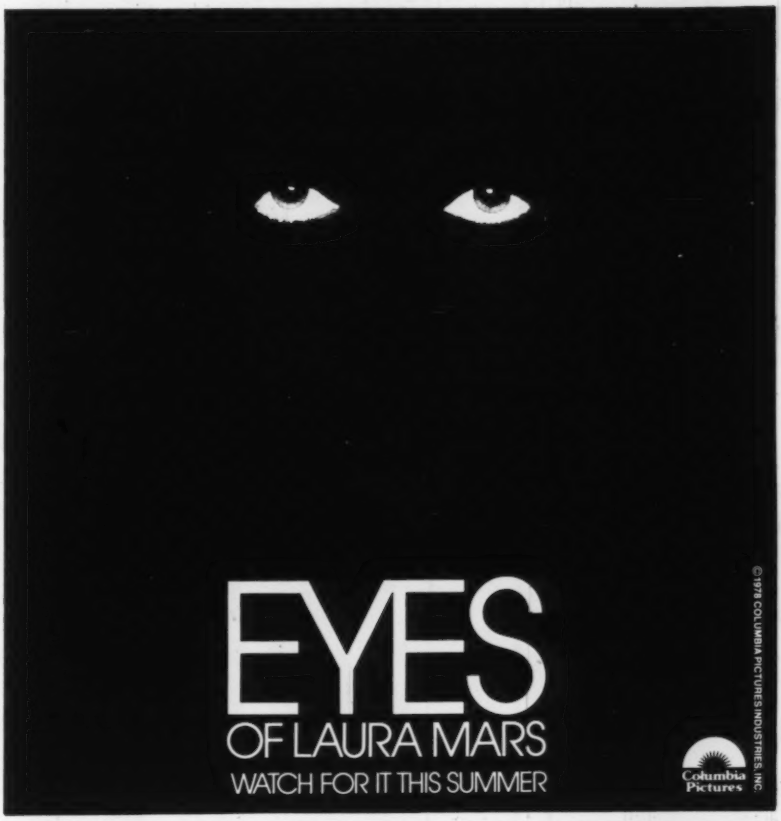
And another one, apparently, is vitamin E. At the University of California at Davis, Dr. Al Tappel—biochemist, nutritionist and national authority on E—has conducted numerous experiments to see whether the vitamin, with its known anti-oxidant action, can protect the lungs against deterioration caused by ozone and nitrogen dioxide in smog. "We've found that animals are protected by nutritional, or RDA, levels of vitamin E," Tappel says, "and that higher than nutritional levels generally give them added protection."

Tappel is reluctant to draw conclusions from his animal experiments. He has done some human experiments, however, one of which tested whether average levels of vitamin E protected the body from oxidants found in smoggy California cities. And he says: "The evidence in this small number of people is that they are protected with average levels. But we did find that there was some deterioration reaction when they exercised, and this reaction declined when we gave them increased doses of vitamin E—between 500 and 1,000 units for several weeks."

The idea that vitamin E can retard the aging process is another theory that even conservative nutritionists will consider today. Some scientists say that free radical damage, which anti-oxidants protect against, may be an important part of the deterioration of aging. Some studies have shown that animals live longer with increased anti-oxidants; others have not. "Here in our lab," Tappel says, "we've measured a fluorescent pigment that is related to the so-called age pigments that develop in all cells during the aging process, and we find we can show decreased amounts of this damaged pigment when our animals get increased levels of vitamin E, along with other potent anti-oxidants like vitamin C. But the fact remains that we don't know whether these reactions are 5 percent of aging or 80 percent."

Tappel shakes his head. "So yes, the E decreased the pigment, but we don't know how key that decrease is. And the problem then comes down to trying to evaluate the animal. In other words, how do you really tell when one older mouse is better off than another older mouse?"

Despite his hope that vitamin E can protect against environmental mutagens, Tappel is not about to advocate dosages higher than the current RDA level (12–15 units for adults). Even though it's relatively nontoxic (when compared to the other two fat-solubles, A and D), Tappel feels that above 1,200 units or so it's a "gray area." By the same token, he *will* philosophize about the evolutionary rationale for super-nutrition, or for taking far higher levels of vitamins than we presume were present in man's diet through evolution:



A Shocking Exposé

How the brokers who sell unwed mothers' babies are pocketing fortunes and getting away with it

BABY SELLING

The Scandal of Black-Market Adoptions

By NANCY C. BAKER

The whole range of babyselling: from enticing unwed pregnant girls, to the brokers, would-be parents, agencies, courts—and the babies who are bought and sold—exposed in its shocking, shameful totality. $8.95

THE VANGUARD PRESS
424 Madison Avenue, New York 10017

New Times Subscriber Service

Address Change: Please attach the label for your old address here and write in your new address below.

Inquiries & complaints: We can serve you better and faster if you will enclose your label with all correspondence.

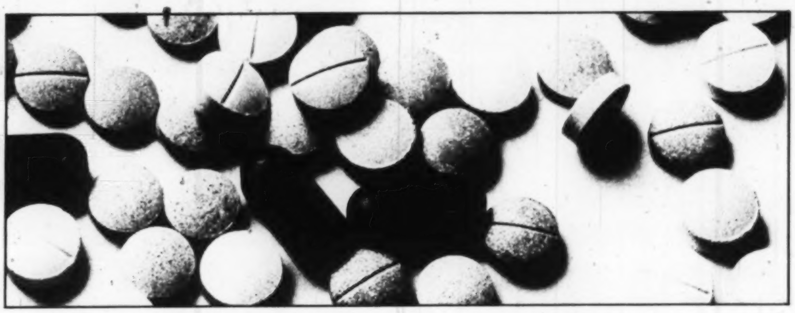
Mail this whole form to:
New Times
PO Box 2474
Boulder, Colorado
80322

Note: Your present subscription will end with the issue noted in the upper right corner of your mailing label.
Entering a new subscription?: Check the box and fill in your name and address below. (To order gift subscriptions please attach a separate sheet).
Renewing?: Check the box below and make sure your mailing address is correct. There is an additional charge of $2.00 per year to cover postage and handling of issues to Canada.

Please send New Times for 1 year, $13.00
☐ New subscription ☐ renewal
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

Name (please print)
Address
City State/Province Zip/Postcode

The fact that vitamins' protective powers cannot be *proven* does not seem to diminish people's fervor



"Evolution took place under conditions that didn't involve photochemical smog," Tappel says. "The world has been changed by man, especially in the last 30 years or so, with the tremendous outpouring of new chemicals. So we're really in a new environment. One could question, therefore, whether the nutrient levels man accomodated to are optimized for him *at this moment*."

So what the megavitamin proponents have been saying all along may well turn out to be true, at least in part, Tappel allows, while cautioning that they've been making claims without doing the work to back them up: "People who aren't in the business just don't understand how slow this kind of evidence-gathering is."

The question—what vitamin levels might produce optimum health in this rapidly changing world—continues to nag. Hard scientific answers are not yet available. The RDAs, we hear again and again, make no claim to ultimate wisdom. Just look at what they're based on, offers UCLA's Dr. Roslyn Alfin-Slater, an internationally respected nutritionist who sat on the committee that formulated the 1974 RDAs. First, epidemiological evidence, collected mainly in the 1940s (when the RDAs began), about what certain groups of people ate and what diseases they did or didn't have; second, some animal studies; third, a few human experiments, very rare indeed. "So in the end," Alfin-Slater sums up, "someone who has expertise in the area has to look at the evidence and come up with the final guess—an educated, very thoughtful *guess*."

Fair enough. But aren't those guesses, as Pauling and the rest say, mainly geared toward avoiding deficiency states? Aren't they too conservative? What about optimum health? Alfin-Slater throws up her hands. "Define optimum health!" she challenges. "Measure it. *I* can't."

So, where do we go from here?

"That's the question Pauling has been addressing," Arthur Robinson replies. "He's said, 'What can I find out about nutrition that I can tell people now, regardless of whether all the research has been done?' [Otherwise] you're forced into a position a scientist doesn't like to be in. You're supposed to keep working until you have an experiment so definitive that it proves the point beyond a shadow of a doubt. But, when you have to give an answer because of the ethics of helping people *now*, then you're forced to use the 'mounting evidence for'..."

"If you read Pauling and Wilson's *Quantum Mechanics* or *The Nature of the Chemical Bond* or his book on general chemistry," Robinson says evenly, "you'll see none of that [speculation]. He's not going to give a bond link in the nature of a chemical bond that hasn't been measured. There's no reason to; you can wait for the measure.

"But," he adds, "in nutrition you can't wait."

Most people who take vitamins today probably do not do so on the basis of "mounting evidence for." They take them, rather, as people once wore amulets. The fact that vitamins' protective powers cannot be *proven* does not seem to diminish people's fervor; it may even be that the required leap of faith is part of the appeal, because vitamin-takers seem to be a particularly impassioned constituency. During the recent brouhaha over the FDA's attempt to regulate and restrict vitamins, the massive public response was credited with having persuaded the Senate to pass the Rogers-Proxmire bill, key to the FDA's defeat. "At the height of the controversy—which was also the middle of Watergate—Kennedy aides told me that their mail was running heavier on vitamins than it was on Watergate," comments Bill Thompson. "Matter of fact, they said their mail was heavier and stronger on the vitamin issue than any they'd ever run into, except the Vietnam War at its peak."

"The American public is way ahead of the doctors on this one," affirms Dr. John Francis Catchpool, a maverick M.D. who ran a clinic at Pauling's Institute for a year and now has a private practice in Sausalito, California.

Like his colleagues, Catchpool was trained to be a nonbeliever in vitamins. He held fast to these orthodox precepts during the years he worked with Dr. Albert Schweitzer—who was, he says, "a great believer in taking large doses of vitamins"—and was finally converted by Pauling, whose principles (and guesses) he now puts into practice. Catchpool defends the importance of supplemental vitamins for several reasons. The first is our "supermarket diet." The second, more important reason is that even conservative nutritionists now allow that metabolic or chemical stress aggravates our deficiencies. Catchpool points out that there are, indeed, "secondary deficiency states" not simply primary ones such as scurvy or pellagra. And what qualifies as biochemical stress? Pregnancy, lactation, taking birth control pills, aging, growing, worry, illness, overtoxins, taking drugs, alcoholism, overwork. Who is not so "stressed," Catchpool demands, and who couldn't benefit from some "vitamin insurance," along with a good diet?

Catchpool's routine recommendation for a normal, healthy adult patient is what he takes himself: Two grams of C, 800 units of E, a super B-complex, a multi-supplement with A and D and small doses of many minerals. He suggests synthetic rather than natural vitamins, because they're cheaper, and maintains, as will any chemist, that (with the exception of E) the substances are molecularly identical.

By embracing the credo of vitamins as both prophylactic and therapeutic substances—he uses large doses of C, for example, in treating hepatitis, with what he calls dramatic success—Catchpool treads a very fine line, risking the censure of his colleagues and even the disappointment of his patients. "People come here, wait to see me, pay $12 for an office visit, and I may well tell them to go home and take vitamins. If I gave them a prescription for some nasty-tasting, dangerous drug, some of them would be a lot more impressed, and feel they'd gotten their money's worth."

There are others, of course, who are delighted to experiment with vitamins in safe ranges, and who bring back masses of anecdotal evidence which Catchpool will not repeat, since it is only anecdotal. But his patients *do* talk, and the Word continues to spread.

"I meet people every day who have never even heard of Linus Pauling and who are taking large doses of vitamins," Catchpool says. "They figure they're cheap, they're nontoxic, and they deeply believe them to be—as do I—a tonic to their health." ●

NEW TIMES

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990
Boulder, Colorado 80321

No sales talk—just a great deal on *Psychology Today*. You save over 40% on a one-year subscription!

Mr.
Ms. ____________________ 8E48
(please print full name)

Address ________________ Apt. ______

City ____________________

State ________ Zip __________

Foreign postage: Add $3 a year for Canada. Add $5 a year (cash payment in U.S. currency only) for other countries outside U.S. and possessions. Please allow 30 to 60 days for delivery of first issue.

Discount Order Form

CHECK APPROPRIATE BOXES:

☐ YES. Send me one year of **Psychology Today** for just $6.97. That's more than 40% off the regular subscription rate of $12!

☐ I prefer two years for $13.87.

CHECK ONE: ☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Bill me later.

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

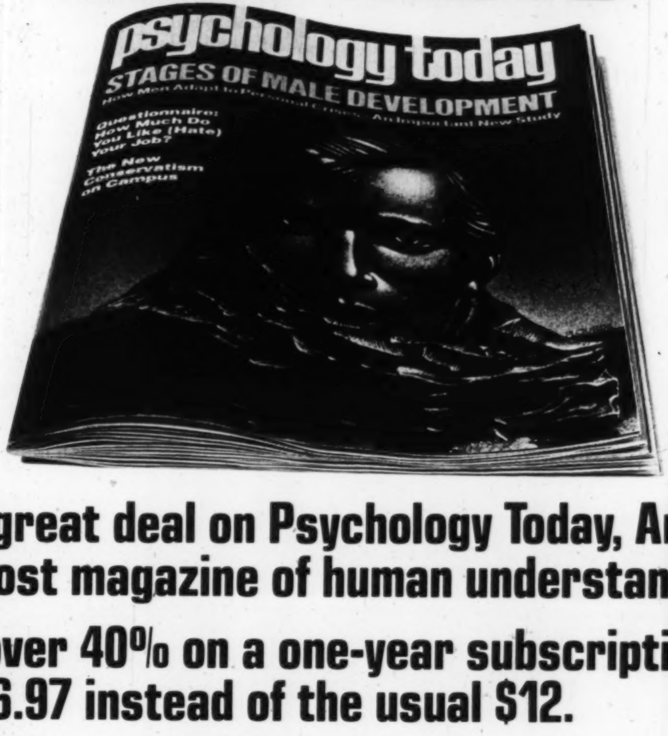
FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 740
BOULDER, COLO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

psychology today
P.O. Box 2990
Boulder, Colorado 80321

NO SALES TALK
JUST FACTS


psychology today
STAGES OF MALE DEVELOPMENT
How Men Adapt to Personal Crises... An Important New Study
Questionnaire: How Much Do You Like (Hate) Your Job?
The New Conservatism on Campus

- Get a great deal on Psychology Today, America's foremost magazine of human understanding.
- Save over 40% on a one-year subscription—only $6.97 instead of the usual $12.
- If you like, we'll bill you later.
- Mail attached Discount Order Form today.

And thank you!

psychology today
P.O. Box 2990
Boulder, Colorado 80322

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

THEY SHOOT FISH IN A BARREL, DON'T THEY?

On Moral Fiction
by John Gardner.
Basic Books
(214 pp., $8.95).
The World Within the Word
by William H. Gass.
Knopf
(341 pp., $10).

". . . drafts cruise like fish through the hollow rooms."
—William H. Gass, "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country" (1968)

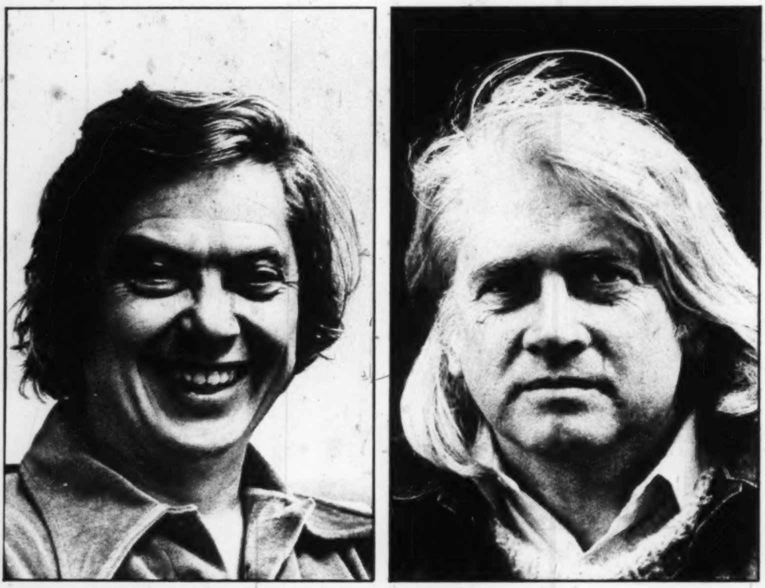
"Gass says somewhere in his Heart of the Heart of the Country *'draughts moved through the house like fish.' (Quoted from memory.)"*
—John Gardner, in response to an essay by William H. Gass, *New American Review* (1970)

"Drafts moved through the dark like fish."
—John Gardner, *The Sunlight Dialogues* (1972)

"Consider how meaning ripples out . . . from Gass himself, 'Drafts cruise through the room like fish.'"
—John Gardner, *On Moral Fiction*

John Gardner keeps an eye on William Gass. Most American writers are interested in Gass, respect his gifts as a fictionist, are daunted or provoked by his theories of fiction. But Gardner has been *obsessed* with Gass, following his books and ideas everywhere, doggedly. Not like a spaniel licking his master's heels; like a bulldog attached to a person's cuff. He quarrels with Gass on the effect of a fish simile, then he appropriates the simile, then he turns the simile against Gass, one of two people acknowledged in this diatribe, *On Moral Fiction*, as a friend "with whom I usually disagree." He cares so about it, why can't he get his friend's conceit in order?

What's all the fuss? It is fundamental: what fiction is, whether it matters, and if it matters, how. What does it do? What should it do? What does a reader do? How should a reader read? Gass has opinions about these things, and his opinions are not John Gardner's. Gass evidently does not care they are not Gardner's, and this has made Gardner rabidly dogged.



Critical Indigestion: Gass (left) gnawed at by Gardner (right).

Fiction and the Figures of Life, Gass' first collection of essays, speculations and reviews, appeared in 1970. It is distinguished by its passionate rigor and its intricacy of argument. Gass is a professional philosopher, and disputation is his reflex. The single personal allusion in his first book is to a meeting with Wittgenstein, who spent his life thinking about words and their limits, and Gass calls this brief meeting "the most important intellectual experience of my life," something that felt at the time like a "conversion."

Like Wittgenstein, Gass is preoccupied first of all with what words don't do. Words—I think Gass would agree—aren't bullets, they don't pierce the skin, draw blood, shatter bone. (John Gardner, like many before him, submits that a book *does* something out here in the world, that a novel can make someone aspire to "virtue" and "life affirmation"—characteristically and understandably undefined— or it can cause a reader to shoot his landlord.) Books don't kill people; people kill people. A gun is made to pierce the skin, draw blood, shatter bone. A novel is another kind of artifact. It can cause death, certainly: an *adw* victim may be bludgeoned to death with Proust's remembrances. A dog can instruct a young man to shoot young ladies. So can an unreceived valentine. Anything is possible.

Gass examines the purpose of fiction. Serious fiction rearranges the world's dreck, orders it. It is what it is, an idealized apprehension, a noise encased in silence, a sculptured likeness surrounded by some empty space:

"On the other side of a novel lies the void. Think, for instance, of a striding statue; imagine the purposeful inclination of the torso, the alert and penetrating gaze of the head and its eyes, the outstretched arm and pointing finger; everything would appear to direct us toward some goal in front of it. Yet our eye travels only to the finger's end, and not beyond. Though pointing, the finger bids us stay instead, and we journey slowly back along the tension of the arm."

Here is a concrete (polished marble?) figure for art's exclusive nature. The finger, after all, can point anywhere: south or north toward Bull Run or Gettysburg, to the courthouse across the square, to the pool hall, Chevy dealer, open ocean. When it was published in *New American Review* ("The Concept of Character in Fiction"), Gardner wrote the magazine to argue against its conclusions. Then, eight years ago, Gardner was respectful and scrupulous. He wrote carefully, said that Gass had not earned his right to that first person plural, that for Gass, fiction's words might be as

Photographs © 1978 by Jill Krementz

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RENTING A CAR IF YOU'RE UNDER 24.

The first thing you should know about renting a car if you're under 24 is to come to National Car Rental.

Because face it:

When it comes to renting a car at most places you've got problems before you even start.

Car insurance companies don't exactly stand in line to get your business.

You attract more than your share of attention from the highway patrol.

And you're hardly high on the corporate ladder so you don't make a lot of money.

All of which could make you a credit risk.

★

So what does this mean when you want a car?

Do you borrow Uncle Louie's? Take a bus?

Sometimes.

But when you really need to rent a car we'd like to have you ask us.

Because not everyone under 24 is a bad risk.

(We don't subscribe to the bad apple theory.)

And we hope if you rent your first car from us, you'll keep renting your cars from us.

★

The point of all this is to tell you we've got a company policy that makes renting a car easy if you've got a Master Charge card or other major credit card. (If you don't have a Master Charge card, write to: Southeast Bank, Master Charge, P.O. Box 012477, Miami, Florida 33101.)

You won't have to spend half your day filling out forms. Or leave your life savings as collateral.

And you can use our toll-free number to reserve a car almost anywhere in the world.

You can rent a car in Fort Lauderdale while you're still in Philadelphia.

NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL

Or reserve a car in London from Laredo.

So now when you need a car, consider this:

Uncle Louie has the world's smallest fleet of GM cars.

We've got the world's largest.

★

Renters must be at least 18 years old and have a valid driver's license. Some locations may require renters to be at least 25 years of age.

*We feature GM cars like the Oldsmobile Cutlass and offer S&H Green Stamp certificates on rentals in all 50 U.S. states. To reserve a car anywhere in the world see your travel agent or call toll-free: 800-328-4567.**

master charge
THE INTERBANK CARD
0000

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL®

THE BIG GREEN TEAM

© 1978, National Car Rental System, Inc. In Canada it's Tilden. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East it's Europcar.

*In Minnesota call 800-862-6064, in Canada call collect 612-830-2345.

Classified

NEW TIMES classified is a service published in every issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are $1.95 per word with a 10 word minimum; $1.85 per word for 6 or more insertions; $1.70 per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money orders or check must accompany copy and be received prior to close date (30 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Publishing Company. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Ave. , New York, NY 10016.

PUBLICATIONS

Reach a **VERY SPECIAL MILLION** readers with your classified display ad in NEW TIMES. Display ads cost $80 per column inch: $6.25 per agate line thereafter. For further information, contact NEW TIMES, Classified Advertising, One Park Ave, New York, New York 10016 or call (212) 889-6900.

"306 FREE MAGAZINES", Only $2.00 for Complete Directory. Positive Enterprises-NT, Box 695, LaMesa, California 92041

NEW JFK ASSASSINATION BOOK by George Michael Evica. New Ruby evidence—Castro, Kennedy, Hoffa. $7.95 plus $1.00 shipping to: University of Hartford, 1600 Bloomfield Ave., West Hartford, Conn. 06117 (Conn. residents add 7% sales tax)

MARIJUANA—STILL ILLEGAL. Booklet contains latest state laws, case histories, marijuana's future, more—everyday language. $3.00. MURFER CO., Box 17192-N, Pensacola, FL 32522

GLIDER RIDER 1" display ad

PERSONAL

BECOME LEGALLY ORDAINED MINISTER. Credentials Sent for $3.00 offering. Mother Earth Church, 2330T Butano, Sacramento, CA 95825.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles anywhere. Call DATELINE toll-free (800) 451-3245.

HAVE HEALTHY HAIR AGAIN! Spectacular results guaranteed! $19.95. ULTRAHAIR, Box 10101N, Detroit, MI 48210

TRAVEL/VACATIONS

Extraordinary South Pacific Travel. Write Good-Travel Tours, 5332 College, Oakland, California 94618

NUDIST CAMPS 237 Names, addresses, U.S., Canadian. Free trial visits. Clothes optional. Send $2.00 S.A.S.E. SUNFUN, Box 5951, Cleveland, Ohio 44101

MERCHANDISE

NEGATIVE ION GENERATORS (for mountain clean air), music for meditation and relaxation, pyramids, and much more. Catalogue-25¢ Cheops., 8143-NT Big Bend, St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

LOST ART REVISITED. Stained Glass Supply Catalog, $2.00. Nervo Distributors, 650 University, Berkeley, CA 94710

SKATEBOARDS Finest professional equipment only. Lowest prices on east coast. Tracker, Midtracks. $7.95 each. Free catalog. Radical Skateboard Association, NT, P.O. Box 50, Nanuet, N.Y. 10954

ASTROLOGERS! MAGNETIC HOROSCOPE BOARD! Movable planets, House Cusps. Much More! For information, call free 800-327-0173, Extension 2520

GENUINE INDIAN JEWELRY WHOLESALE! DETAILS $1.00 (refundable). Lange/NT, 6031 North 7th Street, Pheonix, Arizona 85014

FREE HEARING AID CATALOG. Save 1/2 by mail. Write: "Money$avers" 9530NT7 Langdon, Sepulveda, Calif. 91343.

GLIDER RIDER

Interested in hang gliding? *Glider Rider* is the world's largest and most popular h.g. publication. Includes all you'll want to know: 100-mile flights, lessons, motorized gliding, etc. 76 pages. Monthly. $10/year ($14/foreign), or send $1 for current issue. Box 6009 (N-7) Chattanooga, Tn 37401.

RECORDS-TAPES! Discounts to 73% all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main Street, Dept. 19-0778, New Rochelle, New York 10801

GOURMET

DELICIOUS ragout recipes. $1.00 to RAGOUT, 524 Warner Parrott Rd., Oregon City, Ore. 97045

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

HOW TO WIN BIG MONEY PLAYING BACKGAMMON! Fast methods seen on Sixty Minutes. $5.95. J. Games, 107 West 21st Street, New York, N.Y. 10011

INSTANT WIN. Now available first instant prize $ MILLION LOTTERY. Free details and membership: Canadian Money Club, Dept. N., Box 987, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7R 3Y7

EXTRA INCOME AT HOME. Guaranteed. Proven Details. Cackowski, 30 Bay Terr., Staten Island, N.Y. 10306

$500, THOUSAND Immediately Stuffing Envelopes! Free Details: Monterey Place, P.O. Box 33147-A, Coon Rapids, Mn 55433

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now Hiring. All occupations. High Pay! Transortation. Computerized reports $2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-NT, Los Angeles, Ca 90009

AUSTRALIA-NEW ZEALAND, 50,000 Jobs! Transportation! Latest Information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-NT, Long Beach, Ca. 90808

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Outstanding opportunities and advantages. Send $6.95 to GLOBALEMPLOY (LCKT), Box 4499-R, Huntsville, AL 35802

ENVIRONMENTAL JOBS-Where they are and how to get them. All disciplines/employers. Free details. Environmental Associates, Box 40704NT, Washington, D.C. 20016

LYRICS AND POEMS

COUNTRY-WESTERN Lyrics, Poems wanted. Ballads, Rock, Gospel, Blues, etc. Promotion available on selected recordings. $1,000.00 for best song. Country-Western Recording, Box 523, (TM) Quincy, Mass. 02169. Talent Co.

SELL YOUR POEMS. Free Details/Guaranteed Publications. Box 83-NT, Murfreesboro, North Carolina 27855.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

STAY HOME! EARN BIG MONEY addressing envelopes. Genuine offer 15¢ Lindco. 3636-NT Peterson, Chicago 60659

TAKE CATALOG ORDERS. We drop-ship 2500 best-selling specialty products. Lowest below-wholesale prices. Immediate delivery. Spectacular home business opportunity. FREE BOOK. SMC, 6061 DeSoto Ave. Dept. 166-67D, Woodland Hills, CA 91365

Big Money to be Made Selling Information by Mail. Send for Details: Team Ent. P.O. Box 8112, Rowland Hgt., CA. 91748

MILLIONS IN MAIL! Free Secrets. Transworld-19, Box 6226, Toledo, Ohio 43614

NEW LUXURY CAR WITHOUT COST! Free Details. Codex-BB, Box 6073, Toledo, Ohio 43614

HOME IMPORT Mail Order Business. Start without capital. Free report Melinger Dept. M1327 Woodland Hills, California 91367

FILMS

SUPER 8, VIDEOCASSETTES & 16MM Full Length Features and Digest Films in Color and Black/White. Rock Movies, Jack Nicolson, Sherlock Holmes, Bogart, Selznick, Hundreds of Titles. FREE Illustrated Catalog. NILES, Box 1576-NT, South Bend, Indiana 46634.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS — $59.30! — CARS — $33.50! — 200,000 ITEMS!—GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—Most COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Dept. GR-9, Box 99249, San Francisco, California 94109 (433 California).

MUSIC

MAXELL IS NOW GIVING DEALS ON SHEET MUSIC AND ORGANS.

The deals are on posters suitable for framing. One depicts Richard Strauss' manuscript of Death and Transfiguration, Opus 24. The other, an Arp Synthesizer.

Normally $3 values, your local Maxell tape dealer is now making a special offer on them.

free as musical notations of alien, humdrum associations, but "we" read differently. If for Gass the fish that plot the path of his drafts have no quantity, weight, shape nor odor (because Gass has given them none), Gardner had a mind's eye, and it drew pictures, of fish. If Gass insisted that Dickens' Little Nell was no person, and so did not die, Gardner responded that it was worth mentioning that *something* made Dickens weep when he "killed" her, and that "one can quite reasonably, though perhaps not philosophically, talk about Mr. Pickwick as if he were a real man, since, for all practical purposes, he is."

Gardner has a point. I suppose Mr. Pickwick, who exists for me only as characters arranged on a page, is as much a real man for me as Alexander the Great, also black symbols on white paper. And Gardner added that while psychologists tell us that we do not dream in color, that our dreams merely show symbols that make us imagine colors, "Well, yes . . . maybe. But I still call it blue."

That is, the reader is wayward and willful. He looks where the statue points. If this is so, and it probably is, what should the writer do about it? Use it? Abuse it? Ignore it? Does *should* deserve a hearing at all? *Should* is a compulsion tied like a damp bedsheet to the tail of a delicate kite, and fiction is made to fly free of the laws of reader psychology as of gravity. To fly a kite is play, but for Gass elevated play: not merely because a writer's words stay *here*, above the ground like statues while the writer is under, so much undifferentiated mouse shit. But because the game matters:

"Why are works of art so socially important? Not for the messages they may contain, not because they expose slavery or cry hurrah for the worker, although such messages in their place and time might be important, but because they insist more than most on their own reality; because of the absolute way in which they exist. . . . Reality is not a matter of fact, it is an achievement; and it is rare—rarer, let me say—than an undefeated football season. We live, most of us, amidst lies, deceits, and confusions. A work of art may not utter the truth, but it must be honest. It may champion a cause we deplore, but like Milton's Satan, it must in itself be noble; it must be *all there*. Works of art confront us the way few people dare to: completely, openly, at once. They construct, they comprise, our experience; they do not deny or destroy it; and they shame us, we fall so short of the quality of their Being."

I have quoted at such length from William Gass' first collection to show the quality and character of his intelligence, to display what I would like to call his morality. But Gardner's Gass is someone else, a cartoon egghead, "the most stubbornly unreadable and thus the most widely read by students and professors who admire opacity. Mobs of contemporary writers—writers very different in other respects—follow Gass in focusing their attention on language . . ."

"Mobs of contemporary writers . . ." This isn't criticism, isn't thought. Everything here is like this, loose words drifting around, sometimes banging into names (Gardner puts Gass in the sandbox with "J.P. Dunleavy [sic], Ron Sukenick, James Purdy, Stanley Elkin, John Barth, and a good many more of our writers . . .") unraveling like a barfly's monologue, or the seam of a cheap suit. What can it mean? Here he goes again, bulldogging Gass: "Where language is of primary concern to the writer, communication is necessarily secondary." *What?* Run that past again . . . But Gardner is in a hurry, a furious hurry. Boy, is he mad! At what? Well, "downright pernicious art . . . fast foods . . . overpriced cars that are no good . . . television programs . . . brainless fat religions . . . poisonous air . . . cult of sports . . . ritual of fornicating with all pretty or even horse-faced strangers." A lot of other things . . . way things are today . . . damned shame . . . time to shape up.

For example, snuff movies are immoral. (Yes, they are.) For example, " . . . mountains of unspeakable books, paintings, symphonies, and so on, have been dumped on long-suffering humanity in recent years because mediocre critics have wrongly claimed for them astute perceptions on the problems of, for instance, blacks and women." What precision: *mountains . . . and so on . . . recent years- . . . mediocre critics . . . for instance.* For instance *what* books, *which* critics, *what* did the critics write?

"In a world where nearly everything that passes for art is tinny and commercial and often, in addition, hollow and academic, I argue—by reason and by banging the table—for an old-fashioned view of what art is and does and what the fundamental business of critics ought therefore to be." There's more table-banging than reason here, and Gardner's homilies, as well as his "critical" formulations, resemble what is heard in "kitchens at midnight," as he writes, "after parties."

There is a thing called "true art" and "legitimate art," and together with "the critic's proper business" it labors to make the lot of mankind better, and to inspire good behavior. "That art which tends toward destruction, the art of nihilists, cynics, and merdistes, is not properly art at all." There are no names attached to this proclamation, but from the context of some of Gardner's later proclamations let's assume that Robert Coover is one of these nihilists. (Where's Céline, by the way?)

Coover doesn't like preachers, and I guess it's fair that pulpit-pounders and table-bangers don't like him back. A year ago, in an interview printed in *New Times* (8/19/77), Coover had some things to say about art—his own—and mischief: "The best social orders run down with time, and so occasionally you have to tear it all apart and start over. Primitive societies set aside a time each year to do this on a ritual basis. Get drunk, break all the rules, commune with the primordial chaos and the dreamtime of the civilizers, recapture the sense of community and thus of order. . . . it's the role of the author, the fiction of renewal: he's the one who tears apart the old story, speaks the unspeakable, makes the ground shake, then shuffles the bits back together into a new story. Partly anarchical, in other words, partly creative—or re-creative."

"Reality is not a matter of fact, it is an achievement; and it is rare..."

Coover's is not the only way, not even the commonplace way, to apprehend the morality of art, but it's an honorable way, and he deserves better than the dismissing and contemptuous cuff he gets from Gardner's clumsy paw. (Coover's *Public Burning* is "an example of immoral fiction." Really? Explain. No time to explain.) Harry Crosby wrote some bad poems, had them printed, bought out the edition, shotgunned the books and set fire to the shreds, dancing around the flames. There's nihilism, I agree. But "art" is not made by "nihilists." The artist labors to create an illusion of order, and to the extent that he succeeds, *shuffling the bits back together*, he has performed the moral act of repair; he has built a metaphorical model, perhaps of perfection; he has raised possibilities.

Specifically: Robert Coover has done these things, and so has Stanley Elkin, one of the wonders and irreplaceable resources of contemporary fiction, dismissed by Gardner as "amusing, even spell-binding, like a circus performer," but not "serious." It is true, as Gardner writes, that Elkin

New National Smoker Study:

"Wish I'd Tried One Sooner."

MERIT
Filter
MERIT
Menthol
MERIT
MENTHOL
MERIT

Low tar MERIT proven major alternative for high tar smokers—see results below.

Can low tar MERIT packed with 'Enriched Flavor.'™ tobacco measure up to the taste expectations of current smokers of high tar cigarettes?

Read the results from a new, nationwide research effort involving smokers who actually tested MERIT against leading high tar brands.

Results Confirm Breakthrough

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers rate MERIT taste equal to—or better than—leading high tar cigarettes tested! *Cigarettes having up to twice the tar.*

Confirmed: Majority of high tar smokers confirm taste satisfaction of low tar MERIT.

And in detailed interviews conducted among current MERIT smokers?

Confirmed: 85% of MERIT smokers say it was an "easy switch" from high tar brands.

Confirmed: Overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers say their former high tar brands weren't missed!

Confirmed: 9 out of 10 MERIT smokers not considering other brands.

First Major Alternative To High Tar Smoking

MERIT has proven conclusively that it not only delivers the flavor of high tar brands—but *continues* to satisfy!

This ability to satisfy over long periods of time could be the most important evidence to date that MERIT is what it claims to be: The first real taste alternative for high tar smokers.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1978

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

believes that fiction is artifice, not *the world* but *one particular and enclosed world.* To write as Gardner has written that Elkin is "forever urgently leading us—bullying us and his characters—toward what seems to Stanley Elkin the right way to live" is an outrageous travesty of judgment, unsupported by a quotation from Elkin's fiction.

Gardner's too busy proclaiming to cite. Down with Updike, down with Barth! (Though the recent Barth "comes through as a loving optimistic man.") Bellow's no good, Barthelme's no good; Heller's down and out (*Catch-22* "was in its moment interesting and amusing, but it reads now like old news, still funny in many places but remote, nostalgically curious."); Mailer can give up the game now; Roth was never worth a nickel. Why? Oh, for all kinds of reasons. Sometimes Gardner attaches a reason to a book, but usually he dismisses, knows what he knows, period.

He is under the delusion that what he has done here is brave: *Here I stand, I can do no other!* He often reminds his readers that his position in favor of what is humane and orderly is not a fashionable position. To a troublesome degree it is not. There *is* a cult of despair in contemporary fiction. Legions of well-fed, well-fellowshipped writers out-Job one another, piling make-believe boil on make-believe bellyache, wearing rubber fright-masks and pretending the world is populated entirely with geeks. I respect Gardner's disrespect for the fashion. (His *Sunlight Dialogues* is about a prophet come among citizens and readers to tell them that art "eats the soul." That art is the "Devil's work." He is arrested, martyred, because he paints the word *LOVE* on a public highway.) Gardner has painted the word *LOVE* all over these pages. Love is what's good, and hate's what's bad. So why is he such a hater? Why so shrill? So defensive? Where's the energy of *Grendel*, the play of *The Wreckage of Agathon*, the speculation and decency of the argument years ago with Gass? What's here is old stuff, a rehash of Tolstoy's *What Is Art?* (Tolstoy consigned Shakespeare to the dungheap of literature because he "is not in earnest but is playing with words" and because he does nothing to alter "the existing order of society." Out also went Dante, Tasso, Goethe, Michelangelo, Bach and Beethoven.)

It is bracing to climb to the clear air of William Gass' new essays. In *The World Within the Word*, Gass returns to explorations of Malcolm Lowry, Nabokov, Gertrude Stein, Paul Valéry, subjects of *Fiction and the Figures of Life*. It explores the nature of syntax ("Gertrude Stein and the Geography of the Sentence"), and of prose invention (Carrots, Noses, Snow, Rose, Roses"). The collection is magnanimous, far-reaching and humane. Tough-minded, it earns—by labor, citation and meticulous accretions of judgment—its right to condemn. It seeks to open books rather than shut them. It teaches. It pleases. There *is* such a creature as moral literature. It consists of precision and demonstration, of commitment, of commitment to the job of work at hand and not to slogans or proclamations. Tossing off a book, pontificating, carelessly playing to the pit: These are . . . immoral. *The World Within the Word* is a moral book.

A man named Blotner, for example, wrote a two-volume biography about a man named Faulkner, and Gass calls it "not so much a monument to a supremely gifted writer as it is the great man's grave itself, down which the biographer's piously gathered data drops like sheltering dirt . . ." There's a heavy charge, but it is surrounded by the invention of a character lying in his bath, Feaster, feeling the water and his skin, puddling the water with his toe, pulling the plug, listening to the suck and gurgle, thinking . . . nothing, nothing much. To imagine what biography is, at its worst, at its unmediated, data-sucking, Blotnerized worst, Gass presents Feaster:

"Feaster put on his old-school tie to go to jail. There he languished for nearly thirty years, memorizing snowballs and conversing with Ted. The Warden was named Feaster too. He had white hair and a Harvard degree. His dog was unkind to cats and his wife broke plates. On Feaster's release, Feaster, assuming the new name of Encyclopedia Smith, went to his mother's room to finish polishing his shoes, although his mother had already died."

There, lucidly, acidly, creatively is a final word on something. No preachments, just a demonstration. Gass' wing-shots dazzle, not because they are tricks but because they are the realizations of a practiced gift. Thus the young Gertrude Stein "did not think about dying, which is disagreeable, even to young girls, but about death, which is luxurious, like a hot soak." Gass thinks a good deal about both. Ten of his first eleven essays refer crucially to suicide (the first is about it), and the other is about Paul Valéry, whose self-effacement was a metaphorical suicide. Except Gass would uncouple the complications of metaphor from simple self-slaughter: " . . . acts aren't language, and there's no poetry at all in suicide, only in some accounts of it . . . significance, value *in this sense*, belongs solely to sentences."

He can turn on himself, brilliantly. He has been writing about Gertrude Stein with the attention of an R.P. Blackmur to the texture and fruit of her diction, and from time to time has used the "we" he has used too often in his essays. Suddenly: "And who are 'we' at this point? Not even Gertrude Stein would have read this far." Then, 83 pages later, dismantling one of Sartre's misfiring philosophical machines: "Our complicity in Sartre's passions is presumed to be complete. We are embarrassed by psychology in the theater, he tells us. We are unmoved by inevitability. We are pressed into this 'we' like the buttocks of a crowd on bleachers." Gass opens, learning; Gardner closes, shouting. In his tribute to Freud, "The Anatomy of Mind," Gass refers to a critic who has lampooned one of Freud's followers. Gass doesn't like the follower much either: "I laugh and I warmly agree. Good fellow. But [the critic] doesn't do enough more than I am doing here. He says so . . . and he says so . . . Like zeroes, say-sos don't sum." Thirty-seven pages later he makes a modest declaration about fabulism, and at once pulls back: "So one says, but simple saying, unlike simple syrup, will not soothe."

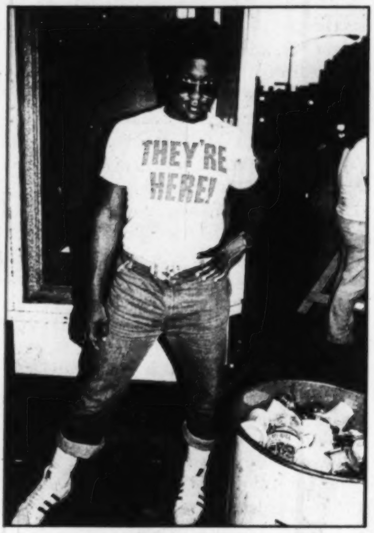
Gardner's homilies resemble what is heard in "kitchens at midnight..."

I wish Gardner had showed more, said less. "The best sort of artist is always, has always been, an enemy of all that is shoddy or false in the world around him and will not hide the fact." Demonstration or tautological say-so? Gass or Gardner? An artist has made a piece of fiction. He has built a snowman, it has certain conventions, stern as syntax: carrot nose, hat, muffler, biggest ball on bottom, then big ball, then head. Coal buttons and eyes, the broom. It will melt with the thaw. "Now I have not made this snowman to amuse my children." Gardner or Gass? "Yet I hear, undaunted, undisturbed, the voice of Tolstoy chiding me: why are you wasting your time with snowmen when the basement needs cleaning? some starving ghetto baby would appreciate that carrot; that muffler might keep many a cold neck warm and these boots, despite their holes, would do wonders for a wino.

"True . . . true . . . all true—these echoes from *What Is Art?* that masterpiece of the missed point." That's William Gass. ●

Music/by Paul Slansky

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT



Stones Fever: Exiles on 14th Street

It is Sunday evening, June 18, the one night in the month when the Bottom Line has no show scheduled. But the crowd milling around outside the New York club knows better. They *know* that the Rolling Stones are playing here tonight; and despite an all-day barrage of groveling and bribery ("I'll give you a Quaalude if you tell me, man. C'mon, I'll give you *two*!"), no one has figured out how to get the guys behind the advance ticket window to admit it.

No matter. "It's *definitely* happening tonight," declares one student of illogic. "I could tell by the way that guy said 'No.'" If you told this kid that dog turds were being used as tickets, he would not only pocket the pair in front of him but would scour the street for extras to scalp. And he would not be alone. These kids want to, have to, absolutely *must* see the Stones.

Their chances, of course, are virtually nonexistent. The Stones are playing a minimum of large stadiums and arenas this time around—just enough, in fact, to make the money that will allow them to play several small theaters across the country. The group will play before 60,000 in a stadium in Boulder, Colorado, but New York City has been designated a small-theater town. Security is understandably tight: It's been the usual three years since the last tour, and a Stones concert remains the only event in rock that Cannot Be Missed. Fifty-six thousand tickets for the Anaheim Stadium show sold out in two hours, so one can imagine the chaos that would accompany the box-office sale of a mere 3,000 tickets in New York City.

The location of the show will not be revealed until a few hours before it starts. WNEW-FM, the lone rock station in the city for people with minds, has announced that the only way to get tickets is to send in post cards, sit by your phone and pray. Pray hard. Several hundred thousand cards have been received in two days, from which fewer than 800 will be selected at random. Outside the Bottom Line, a girl says that a friend of hers knows someone whose brother reportedly received the magic phone call.

But this crowd can't be bothered with post cards. The investment has been too great, they have been obsessing over the Stones for two weeks now, they have to trust their instincts: It's going to be the Bottom Line.

But okay, maybe it's not tonight. After all, it's past ten now, and if you look inside you can see a suspicious absence of equipment on stage. Definitely tomorrow, though. See, the Roches are playing here tomorrow night, and didn't the Stones book themselves into the Fox Theater in Atlanta last week as the "Cockroaches?" True, there *is* a clipping from the *Times* pasted on the box office window, explaining that there is indeed a group called the Roches (a country-rock trio) which will indeed be appearing on June 19, but these kids have lived through Watergate and the war and they know better than to believe everything they read in the papers. A young man strolls triumphantly from the box office, a pair of Roche tickets in his fist. "I'm psyched already!" he crows.

"I heard they're playing in Boston on Tuesday," someone says. "Maybe we should go to Boston."

Monday evening, the hottest and stickiest night of the year. The secret is out: It's the Palladium. "They're

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

It's been easy for the Rolling Stones to slip into self-parody in recent years—in fact, judging from their last few records, it has been difficult for them to avoid it. But on **Some Girls**, their first studio album in two years, they have recreated themselves in their own image. All of the new songs are reminiscent of old ones, but each sounds fresh—there are no retreads here, no filler. Every track is a highlight, and several are classics.

Side one opens with "Miss You," a disco tune with traces of "Hot Stuff" and "Fingerprint File," but infinitely more sophisticated. It should be their first Number One single since "Angie," and who cares whether or not it's about Bianca? "When the Whip Comes Down," an homage to gay S&M, is a driving rocker in the tradition of "All Down the Line." The song is all over the radio, only because the lyrics ("When the shit hits the fan/I'll be sitting on the can") are virtually indecipherable.

The title cut, a direct descendant of "Stray Cat Blues" and "Memo from Turner," is the one you don't hear on the radio, thanks to the immortal line "Black girls just want to get fucked all night/I just don't have that much jam." Jagger says it's supposed to be funny, but the humor is elusive. (Earl Butz would probably get a laugh out of it.) Great song, though.

"Far Away Eyes," the country song that kicks off side two (shades of *Exile*'s side two opener, "Sweet Virginia") *is* funny. And "Beast of Burden" is simply one of the finest blues ballads the group has recorded.

But "Shattered," which closes the album, is the best cut on it. The ultimate New York song on the Stones' ultimate New York album, it works because of the genuine contempt Jagger displays for the chic lifestyle he has long been accused of adopting:

This town's full of money grabbers
Go ahead
Bite the Big Apple, don't mind the maggots
My brain's been battered
My friends they come around
they flatter, flatter,
flatter, flatter,
flatter, flatter, flatter
Pile it up, pile it up, pile it high on the platter

Mick Jagger thinks *Some Girls* is the Stones' best album since *Let It Bleed*, and he's right. If it's not the next record you buy, see a doctor. ●

Photograph by Stephanie Chernikowski

Here!" declare the T-shirts of the security guards manning the police barricades. The East 14th Street low-life is out in all its splendor, and the last-minute efforts to gain entry are underway. (The $10 tickets, purchased by the lucky lottery winners at various sites around the city a few hours before, bear the words "NOT FOR SALE," "TEST TICKET" and "VOID." This is presumably intended to undermine scalpers, who are nonetheless getting upwards of $75).

One kid, dressed in tatters, is offering a pair of Crosby, Stills and Nash tickets for one Stones ticket. There are no takers. A pretty-boy bouncer from Studio 54, wearing nothing but a pair of day-glo running shorts and sneakers, prowls the street. He is not used to being outside of the action, and he is not enjoying the new experience.

The mood is grim as show time nears, and there is the inevitable—and futile—attempt to crash the gate. Several cops on horseback mount the sidewalk and the crowd retreats. "Come off that horse and let's see how brave you are!" shouts one kid. It's not the Stones, but for free it's not a bad show.

The show inside is better, though. No horns, no Billy Preston, no 20-foot phalluses, just the Stones and two keyboard players, sweating in the sweltering theater and defining rock and roll. Jagger is wearing a white jacket, multicolored T-shirt and shiny red pants—the image is obviously not intended to be menacing—and he looks about 10 years younger than he did on the cover of *People* last year. In addition to his usual cavorting (which includes one very meaningful crotch massage), he plays lots of guitar. In case anyone doubts the validity of the event, the Palladium chandelier, dark these past 32 years, lights up during "Brown Sugar."

Yes, everyone is having a fabulous time, onstage and off. The new songs are well received, Keith and Charlie are grinning like madmen, and people are dancing in the aisles. It is more than a little disappointing, then, when Jagger empties his buckets of water on the front four rows and the group leaves the stage after only 85 minutes.

"They've got to do an encore," one kid says. "Look at what we went through to be here." There is no encore. After the show there is a party for the Stones at the U.S. Steakhouse Company. Mick Jagger does not show up. He has gone back to the Carlyle Hotel to sleep.

Outside the theater, people are waiting to find out what they missed. The kid who bought the Roches tickets the night before is leaning on a car.

"I hear they're definitely playing Yankee Stadium in August," he says. ●

As you know.
There is a new Bob Dylan album called "Street-Legal" on Columbia Records and Tapes.

"Columbia," are trademarks of CBS Inc. © 1978 CBS Inc.

Movies/by Richard Corliss

SUMMER MOVIE QUIZ: TRIVIA TO TAN BY

1. *Name three movies whose story lines are based on recent popular songs of the same title.*

2. *Name five films that inspired story lines or gags in* The Cheap Detective.

3. *Name four authors or publications whose names appear in the titles of films associated with them.*

4. *Name five people who became directors of Hollywood feature films with* no *previous directorial experience.*

ANSWERS

1 *Alice's Restaurant, Ode to Billy Joe* and, now, **Convoy.** In the summer of 1976, you couldn't turn a knob without hearing C.W. McCall's saga of outlaw truckers. They played it on rock, country and easy-listening stations; they played it on the all-news stations. Walk into an elevator, or down a hospital corridor . . . CON-VOY! Turn on *Sermonette,* or your Radarange . . . CON-VOY! The damned thing was everywhere. So most moviegoers are going to come to *Convoy* knowing as much of the story as your average ancient Athenian knew of the Oedipus myth when he went to see Sophocles' new mystery melodrama. They'll be waiting to see who plays Rubber Duck, the head trucker (it's Kris Kristofferson), and how big the convoy becomes (maybe 75 trucks long), and how in the world they're going to fit in the Ali MacGraw love interest (she hitches a ride with Kristofferson, and hangs on for a sense of living and dear life)—and, mainly, how they're going to film the spectacle of a bunch of 10-ton bumper cars smashing through all those police barricades.

Writer B.W.L. Norton and director Sam Peckinpah aren't interested in making a movie about trucker psychology (like *They Drive By Night, The Wages of Fear*) or teamster corruption (like *White Line Fever, "F.I.S.T."*). This is pure special-effects, up-your-nose-with-a-diesel-hose fantasy. If any other movie is to be invoked, it's Steven Spielberg's TV-movie thriller, *Duel,* in which an ordinary motorist is terrorized by a psychopathic semi on speed—except that, in *Convoy,* the crazy trucks are the heroes. The film is cagey, of course: Whenever the big trucks are eluding, or bumping, or squashing a cop car, the highways are deserted; there's no innocent Sunday driver, no station-wagon mom nearby to be inadvertently totaled. It's all good clean fun—bear-hunting with a howitzer. And, anyway, the representatives of the law are either evil (Ernest Borgnine as the chief Smokey) or venal (Seymour Cassel as the governor of New Mexico). These aren't real people. It's a simple matter of black and white, so the car crashes can't hurt anybody—it's just red all over.

In other words, it's just another Sam Peckinpah movie. The plot and personalities are the merest basting between the big production numbers of violence: the saloon brawl, the "Bear sandwich," the patrol car sailing off a highway and through a billboard and through the roof of a house, etc., etc. All these scenes are adroitly executed; and though we get the standard dose of Peckinpah slow-motion, the real auteurs of the action scenes (and thus of the movie) are stunt coordinator Gary Combs and second-unit directors James Coburn and Walter Kelley. They give *Convoy* all the excitement of both a Saturday-matinee serial and a Saturday-night lynching.

2 *The Maltese Falcon* (the basic plot), *Casablanca* (the subplot), *To Have and Have Not* ("You know how to dial, don't you? You just stick your finger in the little hole"), *Chinatown* (the sister-daughter shtick) and *Murder By Death* (the $18-million gross). Unfortunately, nothing original seems to have inspired Neil Simon when he wrote **The Cheap Detective**. He's simply been infected by the twin contagions of seventies Hollywood: nostalgia and sequelitis. After some promising premises and gags in the first 10 minutes, the movie runs down—a distinct retreat after *Murder By Death,* which was very very funny for at least the first half-hour.

There are tactical mistakes, too. Big build-ups are given the Sidney Greenstreet character (from *The Maltese Falcon*) and the Ingrid Bergman character (from *Casablanca*)—so big that it's a letdown when the parts are played by stars of no greater wattage than John Houseman and Louise Fletcher; better you should cast Meat Loaf and Pia Lindstrom. The decision to shoot the film in a wide-screen ratio was another, more fatal error, especially since the director is Robert Moore. Moore proved he could stage TV sitcoms (*Rhoda*) with grace and style; but a wide-screen format demands a special kind of expertise. With three or four characters strung out across the screen, you can't cut as frequently; you must be able to direct the audience's attention from (A) the person who delivers the set-up line to (B) the person who delivers the punch line to (C) the person who makes a comic reaction. This is no academic point: Much of the traditional movie-comedy rhythm is established by cutting from (A) to (B) to (C), and a moviegoer won't know when to laugh if he doesn't know where to look. (*Grease,* also directed by a TV alumnus, transposes the same problem to musicals.) We can only hope that *The Cheap Detective* isn't portentous for two estimable comedy talents. The next time Neil Simon has a creative dry spell, he should stop typing. And Robert Moore should stay away from the wide screen—or learn his cinematic A-B-C's.

3 *Ibanez' Torrent* (Garbo's first American movie), Hemingway's *Adventure of a Young Man* (also acceptable: Ernest Hemingway's *The Killers*), Jacqueline Susann's *Once Is Not Enough* and, now, **National Lampoon's Animal House.** The point is to suggest that the movie version is faithful to the spirit of the original—and also, of course, to cash in on a marketable name. But *The Lampoon*'s more depraved admirers are likely to be disappointed by this amiable jape about campus mores (and immores) c. 1963. The jokes in this movie are mild enough to have appeared in *Grease.* (In fact, one did.) The R rating is mostly attributable to the presence of some young female flesh. (Marching Band, may we have a sis-boom-bah for the delectable Mary Louise Weller?) The entire enterprise is almost . . . uh . . . nice.

A couple of years ago, the New York Film Festival presented a 23-minute film called *Sunday Funnies,* based on a *Lampoon* story by *Animal House* screenwriter Doug Kenney, and treating the same basic material: the mating rituals of the uptight young in midcentury

Middle America. On a $2,000 budget, director Ray Karp managed to be truly faithful to the spirit of *The Lampoon*, and of the benighted fifties—because it was truly gross, turning from understated comedy to dirty joke to sado-nightmare surrealism. *Animal House* attempts to make do with John Belushi's belches and Donald Sutherland's bare ass, but its essential good nature blurs the nastiness at the edges. Even the final demolition derby—when the frat-house boys bust up a parade—has the old-fashioned feeling of "Hey, let's put the Kamikaze attack on right here!" A lot of *Animal House* is funny, in a Carol Burnett smart-slapstick way, but it's just not *The Lampoon*. It's as if Larry Flynt had produced *The Goodbye Girl*.

4 John Wayne (*The Alamo*), Howard Hughes (*Hell's Angels*), Jane Wagner (the John Travolta-Lily Tomlin movie *Moment to Moment*) and, now, Warren Beatty and Buck Henry as co-directors of **Heaven Can Wait**. As it turns out, these two tyros didn't botch the assignment: It's a workmanlike remake of the old Robert Montgomery movie, *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*—the one about the boxer who dies, is sent to heaven, and returns to earth in another man's body. It was a charming, funny, affecting movie; and if there seems no pressing need to have remade it (this time with Beatty as a second-string quarterback for the L.A. Rams who wants to return to earth to lead his team to victory in the Super Bowl), it's also true that we can be grateful for the respect the filmmakers have brought to the text and mood of the tale.

The bits that work best here are those that worked well in the original film: the initial body-snatch, the reaction of Joe's old trainer (Jack Warden) to this miracle of modern metaphysics, the growing bond between Joe and a pleasant, idealistic girl (Julie Christie). Beatty plays Joe straight, for gentle laughs and warm tears. Julie Christie, through some movie alchemy, looks angular when she's being Joan of Arc and soft-featured when she turns into sweet Jane Doe. James Mason, as the heavenly Mr. Jordan, has little to do but smile or fret with angelic sympathy—yet he carries himself with a veteran movie star's effortless grace and sex appeal. *Heaven Can Wait* is a balmy, breezy summer movie; it won't increase your point average, or cure herpes virus, or change the way we look at movies. It's like cotton candy—it may blow away, or go rancid, before September. See it after a day on the beach, or before a walk home on a clear night. After all, what are summers—and summer movies—for? ●

The Turkish Affair.
The East and the West are one.
Touch. Feel. Sense.

Izmira Vodka is an idea, an attitude, a sensing of the pulse of a people bridging the civilizations of two continents. And so it is not and cannot be like any other vodka. In Turkey, they consider Izmira Vodka a dream fulfilled. You need not be a romantic to taste it and know it is true.

IZMIRA
Imported Vodka

For people of good taste.

80 PROOF DISTILLED FROM WHITE BEETS. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY IZMIRA IMPORTS CO., N.Y. © 1978

Glad Tithings/by T.S. Carpenter

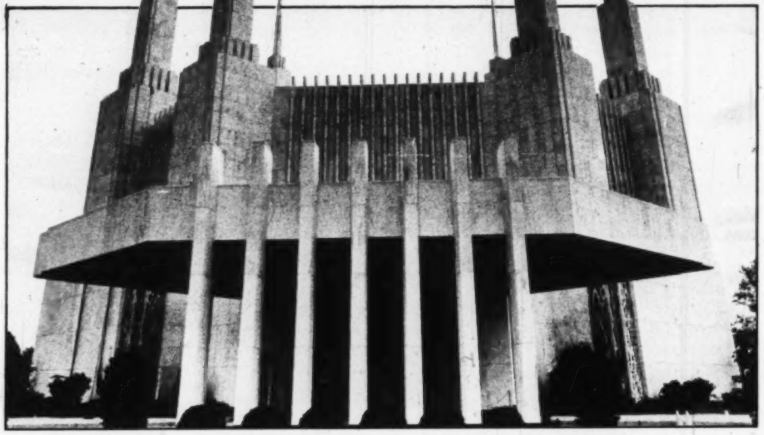
FINAL TRIBUTE

Most Mormon apologists are not critical thinkers—the argument being that when you've got the faith you can manage comfortably without intellect. And that is probably why Donny Osmond was able to admit on network television that he didn't know just why blacks weren't admitted to the Mormon priesthood, except "that's the way the Lord wants it."

Now perhaps it wasn't fair to put poor smarmy Donny on the spot with an ecclesiastical question, but his response was revealing. It was the same simple-minded abdication of moral responsibility that allowed good Mormons to sail through the race riots of the sixties without missing a beat. While Detroit and Newark burned, the church stood firm; perhaps grew a little more intransigent. It only repeated its age-old concession to the activists: that some day—maybe in the next decade, maybe in the next millennium—God would remove the curse on the black man.

Last June 9—Black Friday, as it has come to be known among cynics—the church announced that the Divine had made His move, ostensibly instructing 83-year-old Spencer Kimball, president and prophet of the Mormon Church, that "all worthy male members . . . may be ordained to the priesthood without regard for race or color." No one knows whether God shouted, whispered or simply insinuated the epochal revelation. But the message was clear. After nearly 150 years, the barrier of race had fallen and blacks were to be officially considered fully accredited human beings.

Why now? "It would not have been timely to yield to activists in the sixties," observed one Mormon liberal. "They [church officials] would have had great difficulty creating a rationale for that." As such expedients go, Kimball's revelation should be the envy of any politician who has ever longed for a *deus ex machina* to take him off the hook. In the late sixties it became increasingly apparent to the prophet that the church's anachronistic racism was the object of national contempt. No Mormon could have failed to notice George Romney's discomfiture during the presidential primaries of 1968, or the fact that the Brigham Young University basketball team, the Cougars, reportedly received death threats and the dancing Cougarettes had been booed viciously at half-time. But a deeper embarrassment was the very premise upon which Mormonism based its brand of racism.



Mormon Passage: Opening the temple doors to black priests

A traditional explanation for why blacks were unworthy to be priests came from a passage in the Mormon "Book of Abraham," a text that materialized under peculiar circumstances. In 1835 the church's founder and first prophet, Joseph Smith, was duped by an itinerant flimflam man into paying somewhere between $2,400 and $6,000 for a set of four Egyptian mummies. Smith, a man of boundless self-confidence and no certified expertise in ancient languages, proceeded to "translate" scrolls found in the mummy wrappings. He claimed they contained the writings of Abraham, who extended a casual curse to the descendants of Ham. The onus, as far as the Mormons were concerned, naturally fell on blacks of African descent. Those pivotal scrolls were thought to have been destroyed in the Great Chicago Fire of 1871. But they ended up somehow in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1947. They were scrutinized by reputable Egyptologists, who concluded they had nothing at all to do with Abraham, Ham or accursed Africans.

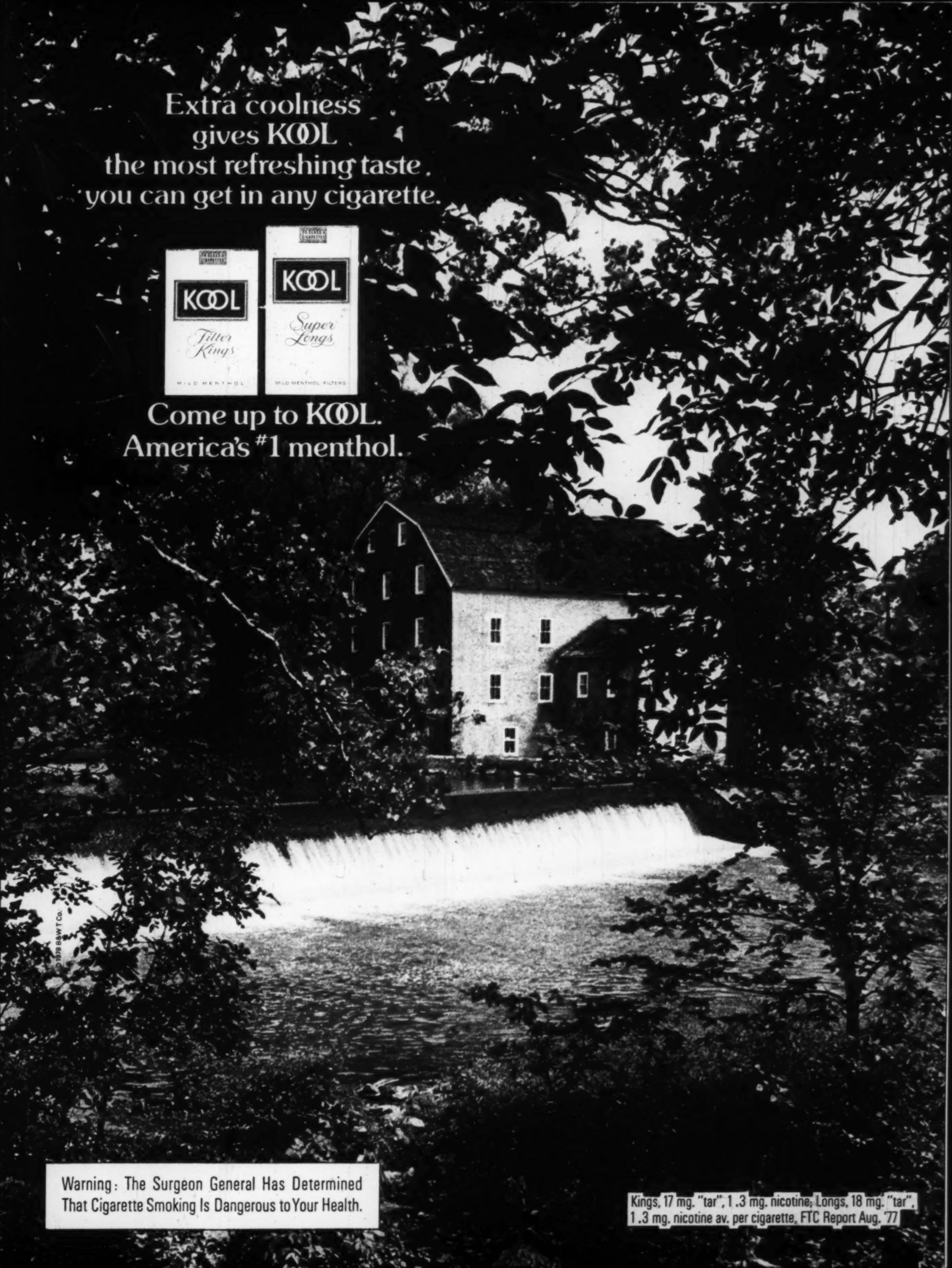
Not coincidentally, the church tried to avoid referring to the dubious text, and by the early seventies its firm position was simply that no one *knew* why God had it in for blacks.

In the final analysis, racial conciliation could benefit the Mormon Church in more ways than simply getting society off the backs of the Osmonds and the Cougarettes. At best estimate—the church claims it doesn't ask for race on membership application forms, so it can't give a demographic breakdown—blacks now comprise less than 1 percent of Mormon membership worldwide. So there is an immense market of foreign and U.S. blacks to be saved—and incidentally tithed. The church's new policy might well trigger an evangelical offensive in Africa, where Mormon missionaries currently serve only whites in South Africa and Rhodesia.

As for the black recipients of this spiritual windfall, the rewards will probably be more psychological than tangible, although black businessmen might conceivably benefit by closer religious ties with entrepreneurs in the Mormons' billion-dollar financial empire. But for a man like Joseph Freeman, the 24-year-old telephone repairman from Salt Lake City who became the first black man to be ordained, it is enough to be able to bless the sacrament after all these years of worshipping under a curse. Freeman should probably be bitter, but he's not. He is a simple man and a good Mormon, who rejects the possibility that prophet Kimball's visitation might have been politically inspired. "If it were up to the general authorities," says Freeman, "they would have given us the right *years* ago."

It is as clear to Joseph Freeman as it is to Donny Osmond that above this earthly jumble of moral enigmas sits a supreme being who judiciously doles out human rights—to whomever He wants and in His own good time. ●

WIDE WORLD


Extra coolness
gives KOOL
the most refreshing taste
you can get in any cigarette.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL
KOOL
Super Longs
MILD MENTHOL FILTERS
Come up to KOOL.
America's #1 menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

© 1978 B&W T Co.

Summer is now Playing-
Don't miss it.
Smirnoff
leaves you breathless

Out-of-doors, people all decked out in their summer attitudes. Even the occasional downpour makes for a nice moment. We recommend waiting it out with a splash of crystal-clear Smirnoff and tonic or fresh grapefruit juice. Splash gently though, you might miss the performance.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT.